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### New Custom House, New York.

From Atkinson's Casket.

We have procured, at considerable expense, for the present number of the Casket, an engraved view of the New Custom House, now being erected in the city of New York. The site is at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, extending to Pine. The following is a description of the contemplated building.

The building is to be 177 feet long, and 89 feet wide; and the form and order of the building to be similar to that of the Parthenon at Athens.—It is to stand on a basement story, ascended by nineteen steps from Wall-street, and six steps in Pine-street. There are to be eight Grecian doric columns at each front, and fifteen columns and ante on each side attached to the walls.—There is also to be a second row of six smaller columns back of and parallel with those of the main front, leaving a space of ten feet between the two rows; and nine feet between the inner row and the front wall of the building. Back of the two extreme columns of the inner row there are to be two ante, and six ante attached to the walls of the rear front, leaving a space of eight feet and a half between the columns and antæ. There will thus be twenty-four outside columns, five feet eight inches diameter at the bottom, and thirty-two feet high, including the capital, and eighteen ante on the two sides of the same height, five feet wide, and three feet nine inches projections from the walls. The six inner columns of the main front will be four feet eight inches diameter at bottom, and the ante to correspond. The building is to be two stories high, except the great business hall, part of which is to be vaulted as high as the roof will permit, and its centre finished with a dome sixty-two feet in diameter.—This hall will occupy the centre of the building, and will be one hundred and fifteen feet long, leaving a small vestibule at each end to enter from. It is to be seventy-seven feet wide in the centre part, which is a circle of seventy feet diameter, with the length and breadth of the room extending beyond its circumference to these dimensions; and the four parts so extended beyond the circle are thirty-three and a half feet wide, leaving six rooms and three circular staircases in the four corners, the two largest rooms to be twenty-four by twenty-one feet each, besides a square staircase in the rear, and three vaults for papers at the two ends of each vestibule. The same division of room is made in the second story. Nearly the same number, shape, and sizes of rooms are had in the basement, as above in the other stories, leaving all the area of the same shape and size as the great hall immediately about it; with the addition of sixteen fluted doric columns to support the vaulting and the pavement under the dome of the great hall.

## AN ESCAPE,

During "The Reign of Terror."—From the Temple Prison.

Fly for your life.
One moment lost may prove your utter ruin;
Involving all that you hold dear on earth!
Oh do not thus delay—the prison gates
Are open to you—should they close again,
Alas, what hand may snatch you from your doom.

Never did any prince bid fairer to have a glorious and peaceful reign than Louis the XVI. of France. In the midst of a profound peace, the arts and sciences flourished and the country prospered. As the patron of science and the arts, Louis deserved a better fate than awaited him, for he was then standing upon the vortex of a volcano, which eventually burst upon the astonished world, and scattered its fires through all Europe. Even at the moment when the unfortunate heir of feudal pomp and power, was promising himself a long and illustrious reign, the flames of a tremendous revolution were breaking like a torrent tumbling from the summit of the Alps or Andes. The dark and dreadful spirit of infidelity was trampling the Gospel beneath its unhallowed feet, and the ties of consanguinity were fast fading from the human heart. Like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, the awful truth flashed upon the minds of men, that they were in the midst of one of the most terrific and bloody as well as one of the most brilliant revolutions that ever disgraced the annals of any nation. Amid the wrecks and ruins of that French volcano, a thousand thrones tottered and tumbled, a thousand crowns perished, though they perpetuated the ambition that blasted them. Scarce had the mad, though magnificent, drama commenced, ere Louis the XVI. perished on the scaffold, and his blood made an offering to the demon of frenzy and savage fierceness. Yet no sooner had he gone down to a dark and dreadful grave than the awful axe fell upon the fair neck of his queen; the beautiful, the accomplished though dissipated Maria Antoinette. The reeking instrument which had drunk the blood of the royal pair, was not yet satiated. The knell of vengeance had sounded, and the greedy guillotine was to feed and fatten on the agonies of the whole Bourbon family. Never was any nation cursed with a set of more terrible tyrants than those who wielded the reeking sceptre of France, triumphing in the downfall of all that was great, or good, or famous, and dooming to death all who opposed their savage and sanguinary career. Their march was in blood; and a thousand mothers mingled their cries and mourned over the tombs of their murdered sons. The hands of the terrific Robespierre were red with the gore of slaughtered princes, and the dungeons of France were filled with victims for the awful axe, which had already drunk the blood of thousands.

A little antecedent to that period, when Robespierre seized the reins of government, the story commences which I am now to relate. Victor Rosaline de Bloudville was one of the gayest, most noble as well as one of the wisest and richest young men in all Paris. Educated in early life at the University of Gottingen, and afterwards in the scientific schools of Paris he became master of many languages and sciences, and versed in all the polite literature of the age. Nature had also endowed him with an elegant exterior, joined to a fascinating manner and address. No wonder that Victor Rosalme de Bloudville should be the leader of the *haut ton*, and that his presence should be courted by all the gay and gifted belles of Paris. Yet it seemed that his heart had never been caught in the snare of Cupid, though many of the most splendid women of France had obliquely acknowledged him the idol of their hearts.

*It was late one evening that de Bloudville was returning from the theatre, that he heard the cry of distress proceeding from the entrance to a small street, and recognized it to be the voice of a female. Ever chivalric, with a proud devotion to the fair sex, he hastened to the spot, and found a man in the act of forcing a lady into a cabriolet.*

"Villain," cried de Blondville, "release the lady instantly, or this dagger shall avenge her insult, in the blood of a coward." And he held the weapon glittering in the light of the full moon.

"I do not recognize your right to interfere," retorted the coachman, "the lady by contract is now the property of the Count de S———, and I am ordered———"

"Another word, sir," said de Bloodville, "and I free the world of a villain."

The ruffian sprang aside from the descending dagger, and escaped the blow, at the same instant releasing the lady from his grasp. No sooner was she at liberty, than she sprung into the arms of de Blondville, and called upon him, in the name of chivalry, for protection from a fate infinitely worse than death. De Blondville bore her from the scene, and enquired the place of her abode.

"My name," said the lady, "is Rosalie Montraville; I have formerly resided with my guardian, Robespierre, but sooner than return to his house, I will go to my grave, for he is a villain of the darkest die. May I enquire your name?" said Rosalie, in a suppressed and trembling voice as she cast her head aside.

"My name," returned the young man, "is Victor Rosaline de Blondville."

The lady started, as that name fell upon her ear, for she recognized it in a moment. Blondville asked the reason, but she waived the subject, and the next moment brought them to the marble steps of a large building in the Rue St. Honore. Blondville hesitated, and she politely invited him in. Through a large, long entry, she led him into a splendid hall, and from thence into an elegantly furnished apartment, occupied at the moment by an elderly lady, the brother of Robespierre and St. Just, his particular friend. After an introduction *a la Francoise*, de Blondville was seated, and the conversation, which had been interrupted, was resumed by Robespierre, St. Just and the lady.

"It is natural to the human heart to love power," said the younger Robespierre, "and he who does not seize the sceptre when it falls in his way, is recreant to his nature."

"But he who usurps a power not his own," retorted the lady, "is an enemy to his ——"

"Hold!" cried St. Just, "such sentiments may cost even your life."

"I cannot but dread the most fearful consequences to France," returned the lady, with a bitterness that went to the heart of the two excited listeners: "But fear of vengeance from man shall never deter me from speaking my sentiments in regard to my country. The guillotine may rob me of a few years of existence, but it can never obliterate from my heart my utter detestation of an usurper and tyrant. France, but a little while ago, was prosperous and happy, and had not the infernal spirit of scepticism imbued in the hearts of such men as ——"

"Ourselves!" bitterly ejaculated Robespierre and St. Just, at the same moment.

"If it so please you," retorted the lady, as her fair daughter Emily de Bourg entered the room gaily, and was introduced to de Blondville.

"You may live, madam, to repent this language," said Robespierre, "when ——"

"When you have usurped the power, and prostituted the liberties of France," interrupted Emily de Bourg, with a gay and fascinating air of hauteur. "Your secret machinations have been divulged, for there are spies upon you as well as upon society."

"Are you too, Mademoiselle de Bourg, opposed to the benefactors of your country, and to the salvation of France," retorted St. Just, with a philosophic composure.

"To the tyrants, and the eternal ruin of France, you should have said," returned Mademoiselle, calmly. "I can never expect anything good out of Nazareth."

"Neither do you ever expect to atone for your treason," said St. Just, coolly.

"We are friends to our country, and enemies to all tyrants," said the elder lady.

"Beware of your folly," exclaimed Robespierre, who had hitherto been absorbed in thought. At this moment the door opened and a messenger enquired for Robespierre and St. Just, whose presence was immediately required on business of importance.

"Beware, ladies," said St. Just, as he left the room, "the hour of vengeance is approaching, and atonement is necessary for every wrong done to the friends and fathers of France."

"Beware, gentlemen," exclaimed both ladies at once, "that vengeance does not overtake the enemies of France first, and put an end to the fears of all good citizens."

*Ere the last words were uttered* St. Just and Robespierre had retired from the room, and were bitterly imprecating the *treason* of Madame de Bourg.

"By the eternal God," exclaimed Robespierre, "they shall repent their insolence, and that beautiful girl shall be the victim of her folly."

Danton, Marat and Robespierre, had sent for the younger Robespierre and St. Just, to consult in secret conclave upon the manner in which they should rid the world of the innocent, the injured, and unfortunate Louis the XVI.

In their hall, hung with black, we shall leave the blood thirsty tribunal, and return to the parlour of Madame De Bourg. Mademoiselle Rosalie and de Bloodville were now alone, and he was pressing her to give him a history of her life and the sufferings she had spoken of having received in the house of the elder Robespierre. After some hesitation and a thousand blushes she consented:

"I am the daughter of Monsieur Jean Montraville, who died in my eleventh year, and left me, with the remnant of his fortunes, to the care of his distant relation, Robespierre, who promised to be a father to me. Scarce had I reached my 16th year, ere he attempted to betray me into the hands of his infamous brother, who just left us. It was while standing at my toilet, that he made the first attempt, but I snatched the dagger from his bosom, and threatened him and myself with death if he did not instantly desist. The coward skulked from the room, and troubled me no more. But the elder villain made the second attempt, from which, thank Heaven and you, I was this nig t saved. The ruffian from whose hands you snatched me, yielded to a bribe, and told me that Robespierre had ordered me to be conveyed to the chateau of the Chevalier St. Clair, into whose hands I was to be delivered. I had not money enough to bribe him to let me go, for he was to receive a thousand francs, and was to bring a certificate that I had been delivered. Robespierre informed me that my father on his death bed had desired that he should marry me to some worthy man, with or without my choice, and that I was to be conveyed to the residence of Victor Rosaline de Blondville, who had consented to be my husband. Hence the reason why I started when you communicated your name this evening.

Rosalie stopped, blushed to her very temples, and hid her face in her handkerchief.

De Blondville felt the arrows of love in his heart, for in suffering himself to take an interest in her welfare, he suddenly felt an indescribable partiality. To espouse an unhappy woman's cause, was at once to love her, especially if she be young and beautiful, as was Rosalie Montraville.

"And in what relation do you stand to the lady of the house?" enquired de Bloodville, gazing intently in her dark, large melting eyes, and on her beautiful form.

"Madame de Bourg is my aunt on the female side," returned Rosalie blushing, "she has resided in Paris but a few years. Her former place of residence was Lyons. She is a lady of strong mind, and has taken great interest in the welfare of her country, since principles as well as men have so changed. Emily, her beautiful daughter, is not less a woman of spirit than her noble minded mother. But I fear in those times of terror that their indiscretion will lead them into danger, for I have heard that the fiend-hearted Robespierre has long had his eye upon them. His disapprobation is a certain passport to the scaffold; a mock trial alone is required. Witness the fate, but a few days past, of the unfortunate Louis the XVI. whose only fault was that his forbearing and peaceable disposition would not suffer him to dip his hands in the blood of his subjects and enemies. Had he exhibited a determined spirit, he had not perished. It is whispered that his beautiful queen, Maria Antoinette, will share the same fate, and add another to the catalogue of human victims.

"A terrible era is approaching," returned Bloudville "and I fear many will be victims at the bloody shrine of Robespierre's idolatry, the shrine of mad ambition."

Blondville rose, and after soliciting the liberty of calling again, left the apartment. Happy were his dreams on that night, for he imagined himself bowing before the beautiful Rosalie, and gazing in her dark eyes. Blondville was enraptured with her beauty, and resolved to use every means in his power to win her heart, and make her his own. The next morning he arose early; it was the 15th of October 1793. The revolutionar bell was tolling, as a signal that another being was about to expire beneath the fatal axe. Blondville walked down the street towards the vicinity of the prison, where the unfortunate queen of France was confined. Thousands were hurrying to the spot and he learned that Maria Antonette had been condemned by the revolutionary convention on frivolous and improbable pretences. In a few minutes the gates opened, and the queen was conducted to a cart by the executioner. She was habited in black, and her pale features, though composed, showed how much she had suffered. With her hands tied behind her, she was placed in the cart amid the loud cries and imprecations of the multitude who had gathered to see her die. Blondville burst into tears as he gazed upon the moving mass of life, and ejaculated to himself—

"How transitory is human grandeur! How frail the applause of the populace! But yesterday she was the idol of the nation and the admiration of Europe! To-day insulted and abused she goes to the scaffold to die the death of a felon. But yesterday the mob followed her splendid equipage, in which she sat in royal robes, and shouted "long live the queen;" to-day in humble weeds, with her hands tied, she goes in a cart to the place of death. Oh how precarious is the fate and the fame of man!"

Bloodville thus mused as he followed the procession to the place of execution. He had never seen the horrid exhibition, and he gazed on the bloody guillotine with awe and terror. Pity overcame him, when he saw the yet lovely queen taken from the cart and conveyed to the scaffold. Thousands were gazing on the bloody spectacle, ready to see the first gore that should gush from the severed trunk. Maria Antoinette, gazed round upon the vast multitude, and a faint smile illumined her pale face, as she took the handkerchief from her slender neck of snow and adjusted her drapery. She then tenderly embraced one whom she had loved in happier days, and advanced to the fatal block. She knelt down on the same spot where but a short time before the fate of the celebrated French General Custine had been sealed, and offered up a prayer. This being done, she prepared for the fatal act: and gently stretching her beautiful form at full length, she laid her fair and slender neck on the block. The executioner raised the dreadful axe, and at the sound her white bosom heaved with convulsive emotion. The very heart of the executioner, for a moment, failed him; and thousands stood in silence and breathless expectation. But the next moment, the axe fell with a dreadful crushing sound, the red, smoking gore, gushed several feet from the headsman, and the beautiful head of the French queen dropped into the bucket. The executioner seized it by the long silken hair, and held it with its calm pale features for the mob to gaze on. Blondville could gaze no longer, and turned from the scene with a sickening sensation. The wild shout of the mob was ringing in the air long after he had fled from the soul sickening scene. Thus died the beautiful, the accomplished, and the dissipated Maria Antoinette, at one time the idol of the army, and the fascination of Paris.

"What is to become of thee, oh my country!" exclaimed Bloodville, one day, throwing himself upon a sofa, and giving vent to his feelings. "Twelve, fifteen and twenty executions in a day in Paris; what is to become of France. Robespierre is the most bloody tyrant in the universe."

Blondville started from his seat, and gazed round to see if any listening ear overheard his words. Finding all silent, he again exclaimed:—

"Nero and Caligula could not surpass him in their thirst for blood."

At this moment a knocking at the door of his parlour roused him to a sense of the danger he braved in speaking thus harshly of Robespierre, and of being overheard. The door opened, and a servant handed him a letter, which he knew came from the fair Rosalie, for the superscription was in her hand writing. With a smiling countenance he dwelt upon every line, and after reading it twice, exclaimed:—

"Yes, beautiful creature, fairest of Heaven's works, I will with pleasure obey your commands; if it is to cross unknown seas, climb mountains, and explore the trackless desert. I will soon be with you and gaze once more on the idol and the angel of my heart."

That night Madame and Mademoiselle de Bourg were sitting with Rosalie in their little parlour conversing on the awful affairs of France.

"It appears to me," said Madame de Bourg, "that that villain, Robespierre, is determined to exterminate every noble, wealthy, and learned person in the realm."

"He appears to rest in the blood of the Royal family," said the beautiful Emily.

"Be more cautious and speak not so loud," exclaimed Rosalie, "some one may be listening."

"There is an ear that never sleeps," said a voice without, in hollow and husky tones.

The ladies screamed, and the next moment the door opened, and a frightful object entered; his face covered with blood. Rosalie had nearly fainted, ere Blondville could snatch the mask from his face and discover himself.

"Though I am so gay," said Blondville, "I have but a little while ago witnessed one of the most horrific scenes that ever appalled humanity. Hearing that Robespierre had condemned Brissot and twenty-one others of the Convention, I went to the prison, and from thence to the guillotine. You remember, Rosalie, the fine looking man we were admiring the other day in the street? Well, that was Valleze. He stabbed himself immediately after hearing his sentence, and such a countenance, Oh! God, I never can forget it."

"Did you see the poor creatures beheaded," asked Rosalie, with a deep sigh.

"I did," returned Blondville, "and oh! how poor Brissot hated to die."

"Why do you pity him," asked Madame de Bourg, "but yesterday he, and the twenty-one who perished with him, were the confederates of Robespierre, and gave their sanction to the inhuman decrees which have sent so many worthy men to perish beneath the accursed guillotine. They were all equally guilty in the sight of Heaven."

"It is natural to the human heart to pity the fallen and the distressed. Oh! could you but have seen how reluctantly they went to the block—how they hung back upon life, loath to let it go, you would have pitied them, indeed you would."

"Indeed, I would not," spiritedly exclaimed Madame de Bourg, "for they had no pity on the noble hearts they sent there to perish. Pity them indeed—no, no."

Madame and Mademoiselle de Bourg now put on their hats, and went out upon a visit, leaving Blondville in the very situation he desired, alone with Rosalie. Swiftly and sweetly passed the winged hours, while upon his knee he poured out his soul and made known his sentiments. Ere the month ended, Rosalie had joined her fate to that of Bloodville, and a great deal of rejoicing was the consequence.

"Am I not the happiest of men?" asked Blondville, one day, as he held his blooming and beautiful wife in his arms.

"And am I not the happiest of women?" exclaimed Rosalie, "for I have everything I desire, and a bright future before me, unobscured by a cloud."

Scarcely had the words dropped from her lips, ere a thundering knock was heard at the door, and three ruffians rushed in.

"I presume," said one of them, in language superior to his station, "that the accomplished, though unfortunate Victor Rosaline de Bloodville stands before me?"

"I am that fated wretch," cried the unhappy Blondville, anticipating their errand, and catching in his arms the form of the fainting Rosalie. "But a moment ago I was the happiest of men, but now I am a victim to the guillotine. Take this purse of gold and let me fly," and he offered them a large purse glittering with the precious metal.

"We dare not take it," exclaimed one of them, "for our own heads would pay the forfeit of your escape. Cheer up and hope for the best. Bring him along, comrades."

Blondville laid the fainting form of Rosalie on the sofa, and gazing upon her pale features, burst into tears at the thought of the agony she was to suffer in future.

"Come along, sir, come along, we cannot wait," said the roughest ruffian, and hurried the alarmed Blondville from his insensible wife, ere he had time to bid her adieu. What a transition, he mentally exclaimed, from the most ecstatic bliss to the deepest misery; and from the arms of an adored wife and happy home, to the dark and dreary confines of a dungeon. A cold chill paralized Blondville's heart, as he gazed up at the iron-grated windows and massive walls of the dungeon, from whence perhaps he was never to retrace his steps, but as a victim to the guillotine. Scarcely had he reached the steps of the temple prison ere a wild scream from behind arrested his attention. It proceeded from the unhappy Rosalie, crying: "Give me back my husband—murderers give me back my husband." With hair dishevelled, and with the wild air of grief, she approached, but ere she could reach the steps the massy iron door swung to upon its hinges, and hid her unhappy husband from her view. In vain she plead with the hard hearted jailor; in vain she prayed him to admit her to her husband; his heart was inexorable, and a friend bore her back, in a state little below frenzy, to her once happy, but now miserable home. She there threw herself upon a sofa, and gave vent to a flood of tears, which relieved her overburthened heart. There is a limit to the weakness of woman, after which a reaction takes place, bringing with it stern resolve and heroic fortitude. It was thus with the delicate, the beautiful Rosalie, who in ordinary circumstances would start at a shadow, but who was now prepared to do a deed at which a hero might stand appalled.

"Yes!" cried she, with a wild and distracted air, "I will do the bloody deed and save my husband. Robespierre shall die—this dagger shall free the world from a heartless tyrant and rescue France from a vortex of ruin."

She walked the floor in deep contemplation for a moment, and again exclaimed:—

"Should I fail in the noble, though hazardous attempt to save my husband, this same dagger shall reach my own heart, and deprive the tyrant of the pleasure of imbrueing his hands in my blood. Oh! should this arm be so fortunate as to reach his bosom, France will hail me as her benefactor, and erect monuments and mausoleums to my memory, to inform posterity that the arm which done the noble deed was a woman's. Heaven cannot but smile upon an act so glorious. This night the tyrant dies."

The rich and rosy smile of enthusiam overspread her countenance; and for a moment she appeared happy. Suddenly her mind was perplexed, and a shadow crossed her features.

"What if my husband should perish on the scaffold, ere opportunity should bring me to the bedside of the slumbering tyrant," she ejaculated, at the same time pressing her brow, and walking the floor rapidly. "Well, be it so, if Heaven will not have it otherwise; but one thing is certain, that ere to-morrow's sun shall glitter on the spires of Paris, this dagger shall either reach the heart of the ruffian Robespierre, or reek with my own heart's blood. And now I have resolved, I shall live in hope that my husband shall not perish."

Rosalie now wended her way to the residence of her aunt, Madame de Bourg, to communicate to her the resolve she had made, and to solicit her assistance. It is necessary to mention that Madame de Bourg, as well as Rosalie, had, for a long time, been familiar in the house of Robespierre. She communicated her intention to her aunt, and also to her cousin, who had often exhibited a heroic devotion to her country, but to her utter astonishment the face of Emily de Bourg changed color and her whole manner appeared irresolute. Emily, however, covered it with pretended sickness, and Rosalie forgot the circumstance; so much was she engrossed with the hope of Robespierre's death and her husband's release.

Poor Blondville, in his solitary dungeon, was thinking of the agony which he supposed his wife to be suffering, little dreaming that her delicate little hand would ever attempt to strike a dagger home to the heart of the terrible tyrant, whose hands held the reins of empire and the destinies of France. He little knew what heroic deeds woman is capable of, when the life of her husband is in danger. Night was approaching, and he dreaded the dawning of the next day's sun, as many noble lives were doomed on the morrow to the guillotine, and his might be one. Every hour the large bell struck, he considered as one nearer to the grave, and gave himself up to the most terrifying reflections on death. For several mornings he had heard the adjoining cells emptied of their victims, and their farewell prayers and agonizing cries, as they were conducted from the gloomy prison to the guillotine. Every night he listened for the mark upon his cell door, as it was the custom to mark all the cells whose inmates were the next morning to be devoted to death. This was an awful night to Blondville, for he had a foreboding of something though he could not tell what. In vain he endeavored to sleep, for the image of the writhing victim beneath the bloody axe was before his eyes, and when he did doze, he was aroused with the imaginary knell of his own doomed hour of death. Who can imagine his feelings; every hour expecting to be called forth to the scaffold, from a dark and dreary dungeon, the very air of which is sickening to the soul. For hours through the night, he would lie and listen to the groans of prisoners in the adjoining cells; some wishing they had never been born, and others execrating the name of Robespierre. He could hear them breathing the fate of fathers, and brothers, and of friends, in the very agony of their souls, and often the tears started from his eyes at their piteous exclamations.

The city clocks had tolled the hour of twelve. The streets were deserted, and all was silent as the bosoms Robespierre had sent to their dark and bloody graves. Rosalie left her lodgings, and paced the street in moody silence; quickening her step the nearer she approached the dwelling of the tyrant. She knew the room in which Robespierre slept when she was under his care, and was acquainted with a back window through which she could gain admittance. The bolt of the window she easily threw aside with the point of a knife, and sprang into the building in which the tyrant slumbered. With a step light as the movement of a shadow, the determined heroine ascended the stairway which led to the great hall of reception. She passed into it, and took from under her cloak a dark lantern, by the light of which she examined the apartment. Every thing wore an awful splendour; the hall was hung in black and in the middle of the floor stood a centre table, covered with rich black drapery, on which was a human skull. Rosalie paused for a moment, to contemplate the scene where Robespierre gave audience, and voted to the guillotine all those who had incurred his displeasure.

From the hall to the sleeping apartment of Robespierre was but a few steps, and Rosalie opened the door softly to listen. To her there was a mysterious air of dread and gloom in the apartment where the murderer of so many slept and for a moment her heart fluttered. But the remembrance of her incarcerated husband, and the fate that awaited him, nerved her arm, and banished from her heart the terror of the tyrant, and she boldly entered. Upon a splendid couch before her, reposed the demon Robespierre, the Nero of France. There, in pomp and pride, slumbered the unfeeling man whose hands were reeking with the gore of royalty. There he slumbered in robespieres ease, while hundreds of mothers mourned with bleeding hearts over the bloody remains of their murdered sons. She stood for some moments contemplating the dreadful being, at whose nod the noblest had perished. She advanced with the glittering dagger in her hand, and gazed in his face. A calmness overspread his countenance, and the features were as unruffled as the waters of an embosomed lake. She could scarcely believe that that innocent looking being could be Robespierre, stained with a thousand crimes. But she could not be mistaken, for she had known him long before he grasped the reins of empire, to tyrannize over France. She had known him long ere he had stained the guillotine with guiltless blood.

A slight noise started Rosalie. In a moment she closed the lantern, and raised the dagger to strike the oppressor of her husband and the cause of all her woe. In the same instant that the blow was aimed at his breast she felt her arm arrested by an unseen hand, and the dagger snatched from her grasp. It was the work of an instant of time.

"Oh, God! I am lost!" mentally exclaimed Rosalie, and in breathless suspense rushed to the door, in passing through which something fell, and lodged in the folds of her cloak. No noise ensued, no alarm was given and no footsteps pursued her. After she gained the street, she again breathed freely, and almost believed that it was imagination which had caused her to drop the dagger. But yet she felt the human hand forcibly arrest her arm, felt the impress of the fingers in her soft flesh, and felt the dagger wrested from her hand. Her attention was now directed to the object which had fell in her cloak as she passed through the door. It was a folded paper in which by the faint light of her lamp she could discover writing.

"Who knows," exclaimed Rosalie, "but Providence has thrown this in my way for some good I will hasten home and examine its contents. Oh! if Heaven will but grant this to be the means of my husband's escape, I will forever hereafter devote myself to religion."

With this hope in her heart, (and the wretched cherish the most forlorn hopes) she swiftly paced the silent streets. Arriving at her dwelling, she proceeded to read the contents of the paper, and found it to be the order of Robespierre for the release of some woman's son, (name not mentioned) to whom he referred only through herself. It was couched in the following language.

"The keeper of the temple prison will release the son of the bearer of this, as he has been unjustly accused. I have taken pity upon him. By order of *Robespierre.*"

"And does Robespierre ever feel pity," exclaimed Rosalie, as she drew her pen and ink from the escritoire. "Did his heart ever melt with the Heaven inspired emotion of pity?"

She took her pen and having smoothly obliterated with a knife the word son she inserted in its place the word husband. She then shouted for joy.

"One more attempt," she exclaimed, "and if I fail, my poor husband must fall a victim to the axe and to the vengeance of Robespierre. But he shall not die unavenged. I have a second dagger which shall either reach his heart, or free my own from sorrow."

As she uttered the last word a thundering knock was heard at the door, and she started in terror.

"My hour is come" she exclaimed, "for I hear the ruffians of Robespierre at the door. Oh God if I could but have saved my husband I could die with composure, and even joy; happy that I had rescued him from the fangs of a tiger whose heart is hard as the walls that confine my poor Blondville."

Secreting the paper in her bosom, she tremblingly proceeded to open the door, where, to her surprise, she found her cousin Emily waiting with the same dagger in her hand which had been snatched from the grasp of Rosalie in the chamber of Robespierre. Rosalie stood amazed and felt the flame of anger rising in her heart at the thought that Emily had been the means of defeating the liberation of her husband. Emily perceiving her emotion spoke:

"Dearest cousin be not angry till I have told you all. I was present when you uttered your determination of stabbing Robespierre in his sleep, and fearing, least in your precipitation, you might slay his brother, for I cannot but confess that I have a regard for him. I bribed an old and trusty friend, who is in the service of Robespierre, to defeat your designs for I believed that the act, whether crowned with success or not, would only end in the ruin of you and your husband both. Your mind was wrought up to frenzy, and you was little calculated to do a deed which requires the utmost coolness conjoined with undinching determination."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Rosalie, gazing with a maniac stare at Emily, "then you will be the murderer of my husband—your hands will reek with his heart's blood, as it gushes from beneath the guillotine. The dagger you have turned from the heart of the relentless Robespierre, will be buried to the hilt in his." Then shouting at the top of her voice, she again exclaimed:

"Think you I fear death, when by the sacrifice of my own life I can rescue my husband from an ignominious death? Think you I have no courage for a noble deed? Did I not stand like Brutus over the guardian of my youth, and the enemy of my country, ready to wash out his crimes in his blood. But Brutus had no wife doomed to perish by the tyrant. Oh no, no, no. You, my Kinswoman, from whom I expected assistance and succour, have doomed me to widowhood, and my poor husband, who now pines in his dungeon, to death. Oh, God! was it reserved for you to lift the axe which must not only fall upon my husband's neck, but must cleave my heart in twain. If he dies, I am eternally undone. But hear me Heaven, I will not cease to attempt his liberation, till he perishes on the scaffold; till my heart breaks with anguish, and my brain runs wild with madness and despair.

With a hysteric laugh, she threw herself upon the sofa. A thousand ringlets fell over her white neck and bosom, and a Praxiteles or Michael Angelo, would have considered her beautiful, even in her despair. On that same sofa she had sat with her husband but a short time before, and commented on their happiness. How transitory is human bliss! How sweet and vanishing!

But where now was Blondville, the gay and beloved Blondville, the idol of his heroic wife's bosom, the cherished of the army in which he was an officer, and a pattern for every noble youth in Paris? Where was he who so lately reclined in the lap of wealth, and basked in the smiles of beauty? His wealth confiscated, stripped of every honor, and dragged from the arms of the woman who loved him to idolatry, he pines in a damp, dark dungeon, every hour expecting to hear the knell of his own doom, and to be led out to the guillotine already drunk with human blood. Like many a youth the pride of Paris, he expected to perish. Already had he escaped his doom by passing from his own cell, the door of which had received the death mark into amber.

The grey dawn was just purpling the Eastern Heaven, as Rosalie, with an assumed joy and quick step, ascended the marble steps of the prison, and handed to the keeper the paper which purported to be an order from Robespierre for the release of her husband. She trembled as he alternately scrutinized the paper and her. But so well did she dissemble, and so well did he know the signature of Robespierre, that he bade her pass, and gave her the number of the cell in which Blondville was confined. Her blood run cold as she surveyed the gloomy vault, the iron doors and stone floor which had been so often wet with the tears of miserable victims. But no time was to be lost, and she flew to the arms of her husband. He was in a deep sleep and in the moment of awaking imagined that his hour was come, and that she who had come to liberate him was his executioner. Scarcely could he believe his senses when he beheld the beautiful Rosalie bending over him, and urging him to escape for his life.

"There is but one condition," said the unhappy Blondville, "upon which I can live and sooner than agree to that I will suffer death, yea a thousand deaths on the rack."

"What mean you," asked the affectionate wife, attempting to raise him from his flinty bed.

"Your husband alone can snatch me from the guillotine. Robespierre was here in my cell yesterday, taunting me with the hope of life, and made the hellish, insulting proposal of your dishonor. My blood boiled with vengeance, and my brain reeled with a sickening frenzy. I longed for a dagger—"

"Nay, nay, understand me," said Rosalie, interrupting him, "you are now at liberty—fly for there is not a moment to be lost. By a false order I have procured your release, and the doors are open to you. Rise and fly ere it is too late. At another time I will explain."

"But," said Bloodville, hesitating, "should I fail I shall involve you in my ruin."

"Fear not for me, my dearest husband, but fly while life is yours. It matters not," said the devoted woman, "if my life should pay the penalty for the preservation of yours."

She seized him by the arm and literally dragged him from his cell. With enquiring eyes the keeper surveyed him as he passed from the prison. The open air and the sight of Heaven, seemed to infuse into him the love of life, and with rapid steps he pursued his way to the house of a friend, who readily agreed to furnish him a horse. After disguising himself, he pressed his heroic wife to his bosom, in one long embrace, then tore himself from her arms, mounted his horse and fled. Scarcely had the sound of the horses hoofs died away, ere the alarm was given that a prisoner had escaped, and a hundred men were in pursuit. But soon had he escaped from the city, and as night closed in, found himself in the depths of the forest of Fontainbleau, thirty-five miles from Paris. In the midst of a storm, his noble steed bore him onward, over streams and fallen trees, till he had far outstripped his pursuers. Fatigued and hungry, he knew not where to obtain food for himself or his horse, till a glimmering light on the confines of the forest, attracted his eye. Thither he rode, and obtained lodgings for the night. Scarcely had he departed in the morning, ere his pursuers were scowering every road in the forest, and at one time a *gen d'arme* was within a few yards, and enquired if he had seen the prisoner. He escaped, by telling the gen d'arme that he was an officer, on his way to the army commanded by the celebrated general Pichegru. Under this general he did serve by assuming another name until some time in the year 1794, when he determined to visit Paris in disguise, in search of his wife. It was late on one beautiful afternoon, when he arrived in the city. So altered was he by hardship, that even his friends did not know him. The prince Louis the XVII. who had long been confined in the Temple prison, had just died; his aunt, the beautiful and accomplished princess Elizabeth having perished beneath the revolutionary axe. Scarcely had he arrived in the city ere he saw hundreds and thousands running towards the palace of the Tuilleries, with the cry of "down with the tyrant." Bloodville hastened to the spot, and learned that Tallien, Barras, Beurdoo, Legeadre, de Thionville, and other members of the convention, fearful of their own fate, had impeached Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, Henriot, La Vallette, and others. They were arrested, and conducted to the prison of the Luxenburg; but the administrator of police, being a creature of Robespierre, refused to admit them, and a body of Jacobins led them triumphantly back to the Hotel de Ville. Robespierre pretended to form a new convention, and to impeach the other members, but he found that the mob had forsaken him, and finding his career drawing to a close, drew a pistol and shot himself in the mouth. The ball tore away part of his jaw, but did not kill him. Le Bas shot himself dead on the spot, and the younger Robespierre leaped from a window, and broke an arm and leg. Couthon attempted to stab himself, but at length they were all taken and dragged, after condemnation, to the Place de Louis XV; where so many had perished. Amid the insults of the populace, the trembling Robespierre was dragged to the guillotine, and stained with his own blood the instrument of his vengeance. Though they had doomed so many, not one displayed the fortitude of the hundreds they had doomed, save St. Just. He alone died like a hero. Bloodville, though sick at the sight of blood, shouted with joy, when he beheld the bleeding head of the tyrant Robespierre. "The Reign of Terror" is over, he cried, and wended his way to the dwelling of Madame de Borug. To his surprise she and her daughter were both in prison, and under sentence of death, but they were soon liberated. For a long time he sought in vain for Rosalie, but at length found her in a convent; and joyful was the meeting. Upon the accession of Louis the XVIII. Blondville's estate was restored, and they have since lived in the possession of every thing that could render them happy and contented.

MILFORD BARD.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

"My son is a fine large child, and promises to thrive well; he has my chest, my mouth and my eyes—I hope he will fulfil his destiny."—*Letter from Napoleon to Josephine.*

And this to her? to one, whom thou, in scorn
And bitterness of heart didst spurn away
From thy unfeeling bosom, as a thing
Unfit to blend its influence with the stern
And selfish elements, that wrought their spell
Upon thy wayward spirit?—this to her?
To the fond being who could deem upon,
With unsuspecting joyousness, the heard
Of deep devotedness, she deemed was turn'd
In thy cold bosom's sanctuary! couldst thou
Without a withering pang, thus blight the hopes,
And shed a mildew round the path of her,
Who as love was still undying,—cut to shred
Thus unhallowed flames that seared all humanities,
And parched the fountain sources that supply
The streams of best affection? did these not—
And the restless vigils of the night—
And when thy spirit communed with lone thought—
Come some foreboding shadows o'er thy soul,
Some dark misgivings, when thy rebel heart
Spurned Nature's untiring admonish? couldst thou think
To wed contentment to thy bosom, when
Such sacrifice—unlamented—was made
To thy unholy passion?

But thy son!
In him thou deemedst—even when upon
The very threshold of existence—signs—
Prophetic tokens—were revealed, and spake
Of the fulfilment of a curse, which thou
In thy apostacy from freedom called
His glorious Destiny—what! did it clog
Thy soaring pinions, when thy thought forsook
Its wonted channel, to confront that fate
That all alike must meet? and didst thou hope,
This action from the soil of tyranny
Should spring aloft and overshadowed all
By the unsoared, with its dark pall of blight?
Towering spirit! how unlike were all
Thy selfish and self-aggrandising lusts
To the high attributes and impulses of him,
Whose mighty deeds have emerished the name
Of Father of his Country! with what deep
And lasting bitterness must thou have told,
As with a prophet's utterance, the truth—
That when thy name shall have been lost amid
The vortex of convulsions,—the great fame
Of our immortal Washington shall be
The very lip-word of young *Infancy*.

MANFRED.

### Extraordinary Instance of Courage.

*From the Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes.*

While Murat was in Madrid, he was anxious to communicate with Junot in Portugal; but all the roads to Lisbon swarmed with guerillas, and with the troops composing Castanos' army. Murat mentioned his embarrassment to Baron Strogonoff, the Russian ambassador to Spain. Russia, it is well known, was at that time not only the ally but the friend of France

From the New York Knickerbacker.

## A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

BY BENJAMIN MATTHIAS.

"The facts not otherwise than here set down."
WIFE OF MANTUA.

THERE is a vast amount of suffering in the world that escapes general observation. In the lanes and alleys of our populous cities, in the garrets and cellars of dilapidated buildings, there are frequent cases of misery, degradation, and crime, of which those who live in comfortable houses, and pursue the ordinary duties of life, have neither knowledge nor conception. By mere chance, occasionally, a solitary instance of depravity and awful death is exposed, but the startling details which are placed before the community, are regarded as gross exaggerations. It is difficult for those who are unacquainted with human nature in its darkest aspects, to conceive the immeasurable depth to which crime may sink a human being,—and the task of attempting to delineate a faithful picture of such depravity, though it might interest the philosopher, would be revolting to the general reader. There are, however, cases of folly and error, which should be promulgated as warnings, and the incidents of the annexed sketch are of this character. Mysterious are the ways of Providence in punishing the transgressions of men,—and indisputable is the truth, that Death is the wages of Sin.

TWENTY years ago, no family in the fashionable circles of Philadelphia was more distinguished than that of Mr. L——: no lady was more admired and esteemed than his lovely and accomplished wife. They had married in early life, with the sanction of relations and friends, and under a conviction that each was obtaining a treasure above all price. They loved devotedly and with enthusiasm, and their bridal day was a day of pure and unadulterated happiness to themselves, and of pleasure to those who were present to offer their congratulations on the joyous event. The happy pair were the delight of a large circle of acquaintances. In her own parlor, or in the drawing-rooms of her friends, the lady was ever the admiration of those who crowded around her, to listen to the rich melody of her voice, or to enjoy the flashes of wit and intelligence which characterized her conversation.

Without the egotism and vanity which sometimes distinguish those to whom society pays adulation, and too prudent and careful in her conduct to excite any feelings of jealousy in the breast of her confiding husband, Mrs. L——'s deportment was in all respects becoming a woman of mind, taste, and polished education. Her chosen companion noticed her career with no feelings of distrust, but with pride and satisfaction. He was happy in the enjoyment of her undivided love and affection, and happy in witnessing the evidences of esteem which her worth and accomplishments elicited. Peace and prosperity smiled on his domestic circle, and his offspring grew up in loveliness, to add new pleasures to his career.

The youngest of his children was a daughter, named Letitia, after her mother, whom, in many respects, she promised to resemble. She had the same laughing blue eyes, the same innocent and pure expression of countenance, and the same general outline of feature. At an early age her sprightliness, acute observation, and aptitude in acquiring information, furnished sure evidences of intelligence, and extraordinary pains were taken to rear her in such a manner as to develope, advantageously, her natural powers. The care of her education devolved principally upon her mother, and the task was assumed with a full consciousness of its responsibility.

With the virtuous mother, whose mind is unshackled by the absurdities of extreme fashionable life, there are no duties so weighty, and at the same time so pleasing, as those connected with the education of an only daughter. The weight of responsibility involves not only the formation of an amiable disposition and correct principles, but in a great measure, the degree of happiness which the child may subsequently enjoy. Errors of education are the fruitful source of misery, and to guard against these is a task which requires judgment, and unremitting diligence. But for this labor, does not the mother receive a rich reward? Who may tell the gladness of her heart, when the infant cherub first articulates her name? Who can describe the delightful emotions elicited by the early development of her genius,—the expansion of the intellect when it first receives, and treasures with eagerness, the seeds of knowledge? These are joys known only to mothers, and they are joys which fill the soul with rapture.

Letitia was eight years old, when a person of genteel address and fashionable appearance, named Duval, was introduced to her mother by her father, with whom he had been intimate when a youth, and between whom a strong friendship had existed from that period. Duval had recently returned from Europe, where he had resided a number of years. He was charmed with the family, and soon became a constant visitor. Having the entire confidence of his old friend and companion, all formality in reference to intercourse was laid aside, and he was heartly welcomed at all hours, and under all circumstances. He formed one in all parties of pleasure, and in the absence of his friend, accompanied his lady on her visits of amusement and pleasure,—a privilege which he sedulously improved whenever opportunity offered.

Duval, notwithstanding his personal attractions and high character as a "gentleman," belonged to a class of men which has existed more or less in all ages, to disgrace humanity. He professed to be a philosopher, but was in reality a libertine. He lived for his own gratification. It monopolized all his thoughts, and directed all his actions. He belonged to the school of Voltaire, and recognized no feelings of the heart as pure, no tie of duty or affection as sacred. No considerations of suffering, of heart-rending grief, on the part of his victim, were sufficient to intimidate his purpose, or check his career of infamy. Schooled in hypocrisy, dissimulation was his business: and he regarded the whole world as the subjects of his operations, —the whole human family as legitimate subjects for his villainous depravity.

That such characters,—so base, so despicable, so lost to all feelings of true honor,—can force their way into respectable society, and poison the minds of the unsullied and virtuous, may well be a matter of astonishment to those unacquainted with the desperate artfulness of human hearts. But these monsters appear not in their true character: they assume the garb and deportment of gentlemen, of philosophers, of men of education and refinement, and by their accomplishments, the suavity of their manners, their sprightliness of conversation, bewilder before they poison, and fascinate before they destroy.

If there be, in the long catalogue of guile, one character more hatefully despicable than another, it is the libertine. Time corrects the tongue of slander, and the generosity of friends makes atonement for the depredations of the midnight robber. Sufferings and calamities may be assuaged or mitigated by the sympathies of kindred hearts, and the scar of affection is sufficient to wash out the remembrance of many of the sorrows to which flesh is heir. But for the venom of the libertine, there is no remedy,—of its fatal consequences, there is no mitigation. His victims, blasted in reputation, are forever excluded from the pale of virtuous society. No sacrifice can atone for their degradation, for the unrelenting and inexorable finger of scorn obstructs their progress at every step. The visitation of Death, appalling as is his approach to the unprepared, were a mercy, compared with the extent and permanency of this evil.

Duval's insidious arts were not unobserved by his intended victim. She noticed the gradual development of his pernicious principles, and shrunk with horror from their contaminating influence. She did not hesitate to communicate her observations to her husband, —but he, blinded by prejudice in favor of his friend, laughed at her scruples. Without a word of caution, therefore, his intercourse was continued,—and such was the weight of his ascendant power,—such the perfection of his deep laid scheme, and such his facility in glossing over what he termed *pardonable*, but which, in reality, were grossly licentious, indiscretions of language and conduct,—that even the lady herself was induced, in time, to believe that she had treated him unjustly. The gradual progress of licentiousness is almost imperceptible, and before she was aware of her error, she had drunk deeply of the intoxicating draught, and had well nigh become a convert to Duval's system of philosophy. Few who approach the fearful precipice are able to retrace their steps. The senses are bewildered,—reason loses its sway,—and a whirlpool of maddening emotions takes possession of the heart, and hurries the infatuated victim to irretrievable death. Before her associations were awakened the purity of her family circle was destroyed. Duval enrolled on his list of conquests a new name,—*the wife of his bosom friend!*

An immediate divorce was the consequence. The misguided woman, who but late had been the ornament of society and the pride of her family, was cast out upon the world, unprotected, and without the smallest resource. The heart of the husband was broken by the calamity which rendered this step necessary, and he retired, with his children, to the obscurity of humble life.

AT a late hour on one of those bitter cold evenings experienced in the early part of January, of the present year, two females, a mother and daughter, both wretchedly clad, stood shivering at the entrance of a cellar, in the lower part of the city, occupied by two persons of color. The daughter appeared to be laboring under severe indisposition, and leaned for support on the arm of her mother, who, knocking at the door, craved shelter and warmth for the night. The door was half opened in answer to the summons, but the black who appeared on the stairs, declared that it was out of his power to comply with the request, as he had neither fire,—except that which was furnished by a handful of tan,—nor covering for himself and wife.—The mother, however, too much inured to suffering to be easily rebuked, declared that herself and daughter were likely to perish from cold, and that even permission to rest on the floor of the cellar, where they would be protected, in some degree, from the "nipping and eager air," would be a charity for which they would ever be grateful. She alleged, as an excuse for the claim to shelter, that she had been ejected, a few minutes before, from a small room which, with her daughter, she had occupied in a neighboring alley, and for which she had stipulated to pay fifty cents per week, because she had found herself unable to meet the demand,—every resource for obtaining money having been cut off by the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want, and misery, calculated to soften the hardest heart, and to enlist the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the colored man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, as they were able, by casual employment in the streets, or in neighboring houses. Having to summer made no provision for the inclemencies of winter, they were then utterly destitute. They had sold their articles of clothing and furniture, one by one, to provide themselves with bread, until all were disposed of, but two broken chairs, a box that served for a table, and a small piece of carpeting, which answered the double purpose of a bed and covering. Into this department of poverty were the mother and daughter,—lately ejected from a place equally destitute of the comforts of life,—introduced. The former was a woman of about fifty years, but the deep furrows on her face, and her debilitated frame, betokened a more advanced age. Her face was wan and pale, and her haggard countenance and tattered dress, indicated a full measure of wretchedness. Her daughter sat beside her, and rested her head on her mother's lap. She was about twenty-five years of age, and might once have been handsome,—but a life of debauchery had thus early tolled her checks of their roses, and prostrated her constitution. The paleness of disease was on her face,—anguish was in her heart.

Hours passed on. In the gloom of midnight, the girl awoke from a disturbed and unrefreshing slumber. She was suffering from acute pain, and in the almost total darkness which pervaded the apartment, raised her hand to her mother's face. "Mother," said she, in faltering accents, "are you here?"

"Yes, child; are you better?"

"No, mother,—I am sick,—sick unto death! There is a canker at my heart,—my blood grows cold,—the torpor of mortality is stealing upon me!"

"In the morning, my dear, we shall be better provided for. Bless Heaven, there is still one place which, thanks to the benevolent, will afford us sustenance and shelter."

"Do not thank Heaven, mother: you and I are outcasts from that place of peace and rest. We have spurned Providence from our hearts, and need not now call him to our aid. Wretches, wretches that we are!"

"Be composed, daughter,—you need rest."

"Mother, there is a weight of woe upon my breast, that sinks me to the earth. My brief career of folly is almost at an end. I have erred,—oh God! fatally erred,—and the consciousness of my wickedness now overwhelms me. I will not reproach you, mother, for laying the snare by which I fell,—for entering me from the house of virtue,—the home of my heart-broken father,—to the house of infamy and death; but oh, I implore you, repent: be warned, and let penitence be the business of your days."

The hardened heart of the mother melted at this touching appeal, and she answered with a half-stifled sigh.

"Promise me then, ere I die, that you will abandon your ways of iniquity, and endeavor to make peace with Heaven."

"I do,—I do! But, alas! my child, what hope is there for me?"

"God is merciful to all who ——"

The last word was inaudible. A few respirations, at long intervals, were heard, and the penitent girl sank into the quiet slumber of death. Still did the mother remain in her seat, with a heart harrowed by the emitings of an awakened conscience. Until the glare of daylight was visible through the crevices of the door, and the noise of the foot passengers and the rumbling of vehicles in the street had aroused the occupants of the cellar, she continued motionless, pressing to her bosom the lifeless form of her injured child. When addressed by the colored woman, she answered with an idiot stare. Sensibility had fled,—the energies of her mind had relaxed, and reason deserted its throne. The awful incidents of that night had prostrated her intellect, and she was conveyed from the gloomy place, A MANIAC!

The Coroner was summoned, and an inquest held over the body of the daughter. In the books of that humane and estimable officer, the name of the deceased is recorded,—"LETITIA L——."

For the Saturday Evening Post.

## Sketches of the Western Bar.

### No. IV.

### Riding the Circuit in Ohio, in 1828.

As the Courts in the different counties commence on a Monday and continue generally the week, it becomes necessary to occupy Sunday, or a part of it in travelling from one court to the other, the conscientious scruples, on the part of those who may honestly entertain them, having to yield to the duties imposed by the law makers. On a fine Sabbath morning in Autumn, after breakfast, we left Urbana to the number of about a dozen lawyers, accompanied by our respected Judge, every man well mounted, sporting his spurs and long *leggings*, with his saddle bags across his horse, containing his books, briefs and linen. On the cavalcade proceeds. A Circuit Court lawyer knows the advantage of a good horse. He is particularly selected with a view to his strength, gates and action, the appearance being of minor importance. The price is of little consequence when these qualities are sufficiently combined. He must be easy in his gates, or the fatigue of a day's ride will be seriously felt the next day when business in court requires attention. He must be strong and active, to overcome with safety the obstacles of bad roads where the mud is sometimes for miles knee deep, or a rapid swollen stream, overrunning its banks, is to be passed without bridge or ferry. Much indeed depends upon the faithful steed, occasionally not less than the life of the rider himself, as the passage of water courses in a freshet, when the bridge may have been carried off, if there ever was one, or the "Flat" lost, becomes, from the rapidity of the current and the difficulty of landing except at particular points, hazardous in the extreme. But the passage must be made, the court house gained by a certain time. An old circuit campaigner would no more think of "turning back" or waiting for the waters to subside, than a good cavalry soldier would of halting while in pursuit of a flying enemy, or retreating at the moment of victory. He boldly plunges in, confidently trusting to the tried mettle of his steed to land him safely on the opposite side, and the manner in which this favorite has at different times performed these or other like hazardous services often forms the theme of the riders warmest eulogy along the road. But in early times these adventures were more common than at present. The Circuit of old Mr. Arthur St. Clair and his cotemporaries, embraced what is now the State of Ohio, and the Territory of Michigan. They used to ride from Cincinnati to Marietta, and from Marietta to Detroit, and a great portion of the way with no other road than an Indian trail, without a bridge or a ferry for hundreds of miles. I have heard these old veterans relate many hair breadth escapes by flood and field; of having lost their way and passing the night in the deep forests, listening to the serenade of wolves; or escaping from the swollen creek with "all lost but their honor." On one occasion I recollect a party arrived on the bank of the Scioto, just as night was sitting in; the rain pouring in torrents. There was no house for ten miles in the direction they had come, and the river, which they had expected to ford was swollen to a perfect flood, with a current running like a mill race. What was to be done? They had either to retreat through the mud and rain, ten miles, which would occupy half the night; to pass a cold Autumn night on horseback, without anything to protect them from the storm, or to attempt at all hazards to gain the opposite bank. True to the motto of the McGregors "gang onward" the last expedient was determined on; and it was agreed that one of the party should make the first attempt. As the landing could only be affected at a particular point, it was necessary to enter some distance above, so as to allow for the effect of the current. The first, though with great difficulty, urging his animal to all he could do, gained in safety the opposite shore, but he cautioned his friends against making a like attempt, particularly as darkness had now set in. But, reasoned my old friend Lee, what has once been done can be done again—what any other horse and rider can, Dark and I can do; and turning as he spoke his horse's head to the current, gave him the spur, and Dark took to the water as kindly as though it was his own element; nor would he probably have disappointed the expectations his master had formed of his performance could he have had a fair chance. But the rider was a heavy man, weighing more than two hundred pounds, and add to this his defective vision (being near sighted) did not enable him to give much direction in the perilous navigation. Too late to retrieve, it was discovered the landing was passed. In vain did he seek to put his horses head to the current—it could not be stemmed; and to increase their difficulties, while thus endeavouring to tack, the saddle and the saddle bags and big coat, attached to it, turned under the horse's belly. There was danger at this moment that both horse and rider would become entangled and go to the bottom. But the rider in these extremities, very properly judging it safer to trust to the instinct of the animal than to his own skill and judgment, let go the rein and seized firmly by the main. Dark some how, but it was one of his feats that his master could never afterwards satisfactorily explain, or sufficiently praise, managed to get entirely out of the saddle girths; and having thus disencumbered himself of all but his rider, turned with the current and was fairly out at sea again. It was in vain to approach either bank with a view of ascending them: the abruptness of the acclivity did not admit it. And the navigation even of the middle of the stream was rendered hazardous and difficult in the extreme by the quantity of drift floating. Dark too, by this time was becoming exhausted under the weight of his rider and could barely keep his nostrils above water, but the latter not being able to swim could not afford to part companionship. The balance of the party were long ere this left far behind—the darkness of the night, and the thickness of the forests not permitting them to follow with sufficient speed to keep even within hearing distance of their nautical friend, who seemed to be fairly under way for navigating the tributaries of the Ohio and Mississippi and thence to sea at the rate of as many knots an hour as ever the "Flying Dutchman" sped before wind and tide. Fortunately, about a mile from where the river was entered, there was a little island just in the middle of the stream and by good chance Dark made the upper point of it, and after some difficulty in getting through the drift that lodged itself there, a landing was safely effected. The audible "hallo" of the "Islander" emuled his friends to approach him, and when assured that all was not lost that was in danger, the three parties easily reconciled it to themselves to remain in their respective positions until the light of another day should dawn upon them, when means were obtained for all parties to get over in safety. But Jesse declared always afterwards that he should have perished before morning, as wet and cold was he, had not Dark, after saving him from drowning, also have saved him from freezing, as he expressed it by "hugging him in his arms all morning"—the horse, as he declared having laid flat down (of course for the purpose) and let him place his head between his fore legs and bring his person in contact in such a way as to receive the warmth of the animal's body. O! wonderful horse!"

But the face of the country has greatly altered since this, particularly in the items of roads and bridges, and any obstacles or impediments still to be encountered, you are more than recompensed for by the companionship and good cheer, the wit, song and story, that never fail to enliven a ride on the circuit.

We approached on this occasion our destination a little before night, and was met about a mile out of town, by nine host of a new inn, "with arms out stretched as if he would fly to new welcome in the comers," seeming to think we would be the more likely to accept his invitation, as the "widow" with whom we had formerly quartered had again become wife, and could the better afford to divide the patronage which the bar, somewhat in charity, had hitherto exclusively bestowed upon her. But it was decided that the new bride should receive at least once more, all her old guests, though having but one lodging apartment for the accommodation of all, our worthy Judge (having regard to the honour and dignity of the court) being allowed the luxury of a separate bed, such as it was, and the rest of us turning in by twos and threes, as we best might. But before retiring, after we had got our supper, by way of stoning for the somewhat irreverent use of the day, one of the party was appointed to deliver or read aloud for the benefit of the company, a sermon that was contained in a number of the American preacher, a publication our worthy hostess received. It was one, I recollect, of Dr. J. Mason's, and a beautiful composition it was. My friend Chan acted as the orator, I know not to what he was indebted for this honour—unless some *hereditary* right might be set up, from his having been the nephew of the late Dr. Dwight of Yale College, but inheriting I should judge, other qualities of his illustrious kinsman in a much greater degree than his *orthodoxy*. All his kindness and goodness of heart, however, he certainly is the successor to.

This over and we all retired to rest; when sometime after midnight the whole house was aroused by the cries of distress, broken occasionly by oaths and imprecations of revenge and death. On enquiry it was ascertained there had been a most terrible conflict growing out of one of those "border feuds," that had been long engendering, and which some hasty word or a blow, had at last exploded. It had happened a few miles out of town, and the defeated party had retreated, seeking if they could get no other redress, aid from the civil magistrate. And terrible was the spectacle some of them exhibited. The poor fellows had evidently encountered harder weapons than those which nature gave. The Judge immediately issued his warrants for the arrest of the accused; medical aid was sought, the defeated combatants appeased, and all again was peace and quiet.

The first day of court is always a stiring one, at least out of doors, if being to some extent, particularly in the autumn, a holiday. There are congregated at the county town, besides the grand and petit jurors, parties, suitors and witnesses, those who come to learn the news and hear some of the distinguished pleaders, the names of these latter, being known to the inhabitants of the whole surrounding country, and each and all having their favourites among the bar. This party declaring in favour of Parrish, and that of Ewing; others "putting" James against Mason, and a third ready at any time to take Gus. Swan against the field. And well is this interest and enthusiasm on the part of the people calculated to call forth enthusiasm and eloquence in the orators themselves. There is in fact much true eloquence to be heard at the western bar.

But in this county (Logan) besides those whom I have enumerated above, the sons of the forest, the red men, furnish their representation.

The little Indian ponies bestrided by two or more, may be seen of a court morning galloping towards Bellefont. The remnants of two tribes, the Wiandots and the Senecas, have reservations of land in this neighbourhood. The county itself takes its name from Logan, the celebrated Indian chief and orator, and the inhabitants may well be as proud to claim his birth as "three cities were to claim a Homer dead." But the town itself has a pretty French name, "Bellefonte," which is appropriate enough too, from the beautiful springs both in the town and the neighbourhood.

This was before Georgia had commenced her inhuman war of extermination upon this noble but unfortunate race, the aborigines. But neither then nor now, did or does, Ohio question the right, or the perfect practibility of allowing the red man to exercise the right, of governing himself by his own "usages and customs," while residing within her territory; while she extends her laws only over her own citizens. No jurisdiction in any way was assumed over them or theirs; but every thing stood on the most amicable relation, and was conducted with the greatest harmony. The intercourse at the time I speak, as far as I observed, being confined in the way of trade with the town, to the exchange of fur, cranberries, game, &c. for articles of merchandize they might want to return; while in the way of amusements, there was still further intercourse and civilities, especially of a court week, between the young men, in running foot races, at which the Indian was more often beaten, and going the "hop, skip and jump," when he was generally more successful. What a pity that a miserable cupidity, violating too as it has, alike national faith and honour, the laws of God and man, should be allowed to seize upon the last acre of their own vast domain—their own mighty continent—and drive them out from among us—forth from their inheritance and the graves of their fathers; while we *benotingly*, with affected *generosity* and *magnanimity*, offer that *plundered* inhabitance as an "*asylum*" to the inheritance of all other nations and tribes upon the earth. The time shall shortly arrive, if it has not already, when the red man shall be more a stranger in the land of his fathers, less seen among us, than the inhabitants of any of the other four quarters of the globe. The political economist and philanthropist, may profess to admire the wisdom, and approve the justice of this measure; but the sincere patriot and philanthropist cannot but weep over a decree that drives this noble race forth as outcasts from among us—a decree too, that those who have passed and promulgated, may yet fearfully answer if not before human arbitrament, before that "great spirit," who is alike the Indians and the white man's God and Judge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


# Saturday Evening Post.

## Saturday, March 21.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, opposite the Girard Bank.

☞ When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, correspondents will please always mention at what post-office the papers are received.


We have several new works on our table which we shall notice next week.

It is expected that Gov. Poindexter will arrive in this city this afternoon, in the steam-boat from Baltimore. A number of citizens proceeded to Frenchtown this morning, for the purpose of escorting him up. The dinner will take place early next week.

Mr. Harrington, the Ventriloquist, at the Philadelphia Museum, continues to attract large audiences. He will remain in this city during the ensuing week.

### To Readers and Correspondents.

"The Caveat, No. 2" is received, and will meet at attention.

"The Cocquette," by O. P. Q., is on file.

"On a Falling Star" and "Lines" by Murray, are entirely too mawkish for publication. Such verses maternally injure a good writers respectability.

The request of our friend H. I. in reference to bank dividends, will be attended to, without fail.

"The Englishman's Wish," will be published.

"Invasion" by H. H., meets our entire approbation, at least so far as the sentiments of the essay are concerned. The whole shall have a place in a week or two.

"Catherine," "J. M. C." and "G. T" we are constrained to reject, the former much against our will, but in accordance with our established laws of criticism.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

The proprietors of the "Republic of Letters," are now republishing Don Quixotte, in the pages of their Journal. This will no doubt prove a popular reprint.

The thirteenth and fourteenth numbers of the Franklin Library have just been published. The first contains the conclusion of the Bondman, and a number of poems, and the other is occupied by a new work by Mrs. S. C. Hall, entitled Tales of Woman's Trials, a production of high merit.

The American Magazine for February, just published, contains a number of engravings, and a very interesting article on Aërial Navigation.

### REVOLUTION IN 1688.

Mackintosh's history of the Revolution in England in 1688, to which we briefly referred in our last, has just been published by Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard. It occupies 750 large octavo pages, and furnishes a vast amount of information valuable to all readers of history. The period treated of by Mackintosh, comprises from the reign of James II to the enterprize of the Prince of Orange—an era distinguished for many important incidents. The transfer of the crown from the king to the Prince of Orange, and the events connected therewith, are furnished by another pen. A notice of the Life, Writings and Speeches of Sir James Mackintosh, is prefixed, and appended are several letters and papers of much interest.

### "DISCIPLINE," BY MARY BRUNTON.

There is probably no style of authorship so likely to fail as that which is adapted to auto-biography, whether real or imaginary, and no subject so hackneyed and consequently so ill calculated to excite popular admiration as the description of *Flirtations in High Life*, which unfortunately appears to be inexhaustible, as if the writers of this particular school conceived that sickly sentiment and sounding appellations, were the only keys to popular favour. Yet in despite of these facts, *Mary Brunton* has followed the same course—adopted the same style, and yet done it so ingeniously as to force us to admit that she has concocted a delightful work. We can forgive the egotistical display of self vanity she makes use of in the first vol. in the consideration of the purely moral tendency contained therein, and as we read the second, wherein she developes the really fertile powers of her imagination, the plot is drawn with so much vigour as to command our unqualified admiration. We can safely recommend the work to our friends, for its tone of virtuous feeling, and the chastity of sentiment that it breathes.

The work has just appeared from the press of Key and Biddle.

The "THREE YEARS IN THE PACIFIC," by our countryman, Dr. Ruschenberger, republished in London, is pronounced by a British critic, "a light, lively, well written and agreeable publication; marked by good feeling and liberality, which reflect honour on the writer's head and heart," &c.

The Athenæum says of "Three Years in the Pacific," the sketches are full of life and vigour."

THREE YEARS IN THE PACIFIC.—This publication, in two vols. which has just been sent forth by Bentley, is one of the best that has ever been written about the South American States. The author seems to have been a man of education and strong intellect, observant and dispassionate. His satirical matter appears to have been maturely considered, and his historical inquiries also seem careful and judicious. His forte, however, is in description, which is so much the better, as your traveller should enable us to see through his eyes the singular appearances of strange men and things in which he has the fortune to encounter. The costume and manners of the multifarious inhabitants of Brazil, Chili, Bolivia, and Peru, afforded this tourist abundant opportunity to indulge both his power and his taste. Some of his descriptions are exceedingly lively and pictorial, and his account of the habits of the southern ladies, both in society, or in their masquerading *out-of-door dress*, of the *sarya* and *manto*, are highly amusing.—*London Morning Herald.*

### BULWER.

A new edition of "Pelham," has lately appeared in England, as we learn by a London paper. In the preface Mr. Bulwer has furnished some notes connected with its origin and the commencement of his own literary career. The annexed passage is an extract.

I know not a single critic, and scarcely a single author, when I began to write. I have never received to this day a single word of encouragement from any one of those writers who were considered at one time the dispensers of reputation. Long after my name was not quite unknown in every other country where English literature is received, the great quarterly journals of my own, disdained to recognize my existence. Let no man then cry out for 'cheers,' or for literary patronage, and let those aspirants, who are now often pleased to write to me lamenting their want of interest and their non-acquaintance with critics, learn from the author (insignificant though he be) who addresses them in sympathy and fellowship, and who cheerfully allows that the favour he has received, so far from being less, is greater than his merits; that a man's labors are his best patrons—that the public is the only critic that has no interest and no motive in underrating him, —that the world of an author is a mighty circle, of which enmity and envy can penetrate but a petty segment, and that the pride of carving with our own hands, our own name is worth all the "cheers" in the world. Long live Sidney's gallant and lofty motto, "*Aut viam inveniam aut faciam*!"

### WONDERFUL CHARACTERS.*

The notice of Bertholde, who was at one time, Prime Minister to Alboinus, King of Lombardy, and who was, perhaps, the ugliest specimen of human nature ever formed, is exceedingly interesting. We subjoin the annexed extract.

Though a peasant, though a clown, though disgraced by nature, reason dictated to him, that all men were formed by the same hand, and created in perfect equality; he therefore thought there was no person on earth with whom he might not be allowed to converse familiarly.

In consequence of this principle, he entered the palace without any conductor, marched up stairs, traversed the apartments, and entered into that in which the king was surrounded by his courtiers, who were conversing with him in a respectful posture, and laughing at the two women who had just been quarrelling before the window: but how great was their astonishment to see Bertholde walk in with his hat on his head, and, without speaking a word, come boldly up to them, and seat himself by the side of the king, in a chair, which they, out of respect, had left empty.—Surprised at this audacity, and more still, at his grotesque appearance, they stood immoveable at the view this second Æsop, whose mean dress was very suitable to his deformity. From this rustic behaviour the king easily guessed that he was one whom curiosity had brought to his court. And as he had learned from experience, that nature sometimes hides her treasure under the most unprepossessing form, he resolved to have a familiar conversation with him, and for a few minutes, in complaisance to the clown, to forget his own grandeur and dignity. "Who are you?" cried the prince to Bertholde: "How did you come into the world? What is your country?" "I am a man," replied the peasant; "I came into the world in the manner Providence sent me; and the world itself is my country."

The king then asked him several questions, which had not the least connection with each other. A trial of wit, which in those days was much used at the courts of sovereign princes. And this is the substance of the discourse, as it is preserved in the ancient records of the country. "What thing is that which flies the swiftest?" cried the monarch. "Thought," answered Bertholde. "What is the gulph that is never filled?" "The avarice of the miser." "What is most hateful in young people?" "Self-conceit, because it makes them incorrigible." "What is most ridiculous in the old?" "Love." "Who are most lavish of their caresses?" "Those who intend to deceive, us, and those who have already done it." "What are the things most dangerous in a house?" "A wicked wife, and the tongue of a servant." "What is the husband's most incurable disease?" "The infidelity of his wife." "What way will you take to bring water into a sieve? I'll stay till it is frozen." "How will you catch a hare without running?" "I'll wait till I find her on the spit."

The king was astonished at the readiness with which he answered these questions; and to let him see his satisfaction, promised to give him any thing he could desire. "I defy you," replied Bertholde, bluntly. "How so," replied his majesty; "do you doubt my good will?" "No; but I aspire after what you do not possess, and consequently cannot give to me."—"And what is that precious thing that I do not possess?" "Felicity, which was never in the power of kings, who enjoy less of it than the rest of mankind." "How! am I not happy on so elevated a throne?" "Yes, you are if the happiness of a man consists in the height of his seat." "Do you see those lords and gentlemen that are continually about me, would they be ready to obey me, if they were not convinced of my power?"—"And do you not see, in your turn, that there are as many crows, waiting to devour a carcase, and who, to prevent its seeing their designs, begin by picking out its eyes?" "Well said; but all this does not hinder me from shining in the midst of them, as the sun among the stars." "True, but tell me, shining sun, how many eclipses you are obliged to suffer in a year?" "Why do you put this question?" "Because the continual flattery of these gentlemen will raise a cloud that must darken your understanding." "On this foot, then, you would not be a courtier?" "Miserable as I am, I should be sorry to be placed in the rank of slaves: besides, I am neither knave, traitor, nor liar, and consequently have not the necessary qualities for succeeding in this fine employment." "What are you then to seek for at my court?" "What I have not been able to find there; for I had imagined a king to be as much above other men, as a steeple is above common houses; but I have soon found, that I have honoured them more than they deserve."

Of all the virtues, those of frankness and sincerity have been in every age least recompensed in a court. This Bertholde experienced; for the king, shocked at the little regard he expressed for his person, told him, that if he was unwilling to be turned out in an ignominious manner, he must leave the palace immediately. He obeyed; but as he was going, said, with an air of gaiety, that he was of the nature of flies, which the more you attempt to drive away, the more obstinately are they bent on their return. "I permit you to return like them," cried the monarch, "provided you bring them along with you; but if you appear without them, you shall forfeit your head." "Agreed," replied the peasant; to do this, I will only take a step to our village." The king gave his consent, and Bertholde hastened away. The monarch did not doubt of his keeping his word; but had a great curiosity to see in what manner he would perform it, and the clown soon satisfied him; for he had no sooner reached the village, than running to a stable belonging to one of his brothers, he took out an old ass, whose back and buttocks, had lost the friendly covering of a sound skin, and mounting on his back, turned again to Verona, accompanied by an infinite number of flies riding behind him, and in this equipage arrived at the palace; when commending the fidelity with which they had stuck to the beast, and attended him all the way, he told the king that he kept his promise; and Alboin, pleased with the stratagem, soon conceived such an idea of his abilities, that he imagined that he might be useful to him, in helping him to disentangle the intricacies of government, and therefore gave him free leave to stay at court.

* A new work recently published by the Harpers, New York.

Judge Burke, by the hurried manner in which he was accustomed to attend to his personal concerns, sometimes brought the laugh against himself. It is the practice in South Carolina for the judges and members of the bar to wear black gowns in court. The Judge's wife usually wore a dress of the same material and color, and one morning, when his honour had taken his seat upon the bench, enrobed, as he thought, in his official toga, and was beginning to address the grand jury of one of the counties of the interior, he was not a little surprised and disconcerted to find the whole auditory, jurymen, barristers, tipstaff, and all burst into a loud laugh, at the ridiculous figure of the Judge, who instead of his own proper gown, sat solemnly arrayed in his wife's black petticoat, with his arms stuck out through the pocket holes; he having, in a mistake, packed up that feminine garment in his trunk, at Charleston instead of his own.

## Major Downing Again.

From the New York Daily Advertiser.

### MAJOR DOWNING'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Our readers may judge of our surprise on receiving from our news boat the following letter which was handed "off the Hook" from on board the "Two Pollies"—Capt. Jumper from Havre, and which vessel wore away south, with the intention no doubt of dropping other despatches nearer the seat of Government.

This letter will account for the Major's long silence. We had heard it intimated he had quit Washington, shortly after the date of his last letter—but where "the critter" had gone no one seemed capable of telling—That he was busy somewhere for the good of his country we were certain—and we now confess our perfect conviction that all will go well in Paris. But if by chance the Major returns and leaves things unsettled then we shall conclude indeed that this matter has ceased to be capable of further negociation.

PARIS, 1st Febr, 1835.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight of the New York Daily Advertiser:—

I suppose you'll all be mock'd up in a kinder dandersent when you come to see where the Letter comes from—so I best begin by telling you how it come about. You see jest arter I wrote you that Letter dated 6th Decbr. last—A little arter the message come out, the General was so well pleas'd with my notions, he sent for me, and says he, Major, you have got the rale grit in you, when things come to a pinch, and tho' you and I hav'nt agreed in all matters for a good speel now; yet I see when matters git mixed up with foreign business, you drop all party differences at home and are ready to stand by the country, till things get a goin streit again. Now says he that's what I call rale American feeling, and with that we shook hands, and all was pleasant streit to us as a May morning.

"Now," says I, "General, to make short of a long story, my notion is that the best thing I can do is to go right over to France myself and keep a look out on that side, and see how the cat jumps there—and as you and Congress will keep a sharp eye on things on this side, it will be a hard matter if they git worse without our knowing about it as soon as the rest of creation: for says I, there is no tellin, what them Frenchmen may do, and if we have got to eat porrage with the Devil, my notion is, it is but fair we should have as long a handled spoon as he has got."—"Now," says I, they may take a notion to send Mr. Livingston off, and then there will be no one there to keep a look out for us, and I have been thinkin so much about it, says I, that I have concluded to go right off there as soon as Capt. Jumper can fit out the "Two Pollies" to carry me—and I tell'n the General if he had any thing to say or any directions to give I was ready, and if he had'nt any it made no odds, for I believe I know'n pretty much the upshort of the hull matter, and if Congress didn't chuse to pay my expenses out and home, I'd pay 'em myself, and take the responsibility too—and so arter a considerable talk about one thing and another, the General wish'd me success and I push'd off post haste to Kennebunk, where Captain Jumper and the Two Pollies was, and as he had got my letters, I found things all ready, and was off in no time.

We had a pritty short, but a peaky wet passage, for Captain Jumper had a considerable of a cargo of notions on board, besides a deck load of lumber, for he thought while his hand was in, he might as well be takin advantage of "the panic," as he called it. We made a strait wake to Havre, where I left him, and I streak'd it right up here to Paris, and here I have been as busy as ever I was when Congress was gettin together.

I suppose, as I didn't tell you or any other livin critter but the General that I was goin to France, you have been wonderin why you ha'nt heard of me for so long a time. Well, now you have got the reason on't—And now I suppose you expect to hear what I have been about here, and what I have seen and heard worth tellin about, since I have been here. But this is impossible, for two reasons, first I, have seen so much that I couldn't tell you the hall on't without detaining Capt. Jumper longer than I tell'd him I would, and another thing, I hain't got time to say all I want to say for our folks at Washington, and that's the most important.

Pritty much as I expected when I got here, I found Mr. Livingston nigh upon as bad off as tho' we wan't here—but I suppose your folks at Washington have balanced that account by seein that the French Minister is treated just so too—that's what they call diplomatic Tit for Tat.

The first thing I did, as soon I had time to turn round and get on my best regimentals, and was to go right off and see the King, for I always like to begin at the right eend of all matters. So I took a chap along with me to show me the way—but I could'nt get him any further than the outer gate of the "white house," or "*artillery house*," as they somehow call it, where the King lives—but I didn't stop for that myself, but pushed on, and all the sogers that I met from the gate to the front roop no sooner see me, than they gave me the salute just as quick as our folks of the 2d Brigade w'd on training days. But when I got inside the front door, I met a leetle morsel of a scamper for a spell. An amazin perlite critter send something to me in French, and made a real smesher of a bow, and says I, Major Downing, at your service—just then a parcel of mineral officers was coming down along the hall, and one on em no sooner heard the name, than, up he comes to me and says he "Major Downing of the 2d Brigade of Downingville Militia?" "Just so," says I; and with that he threw his arms right around my neck, and says he "Major, I never am so happy as I will be up to this present moment to see you;" and who do you think it was? Well who should it be but the General, who was so long in our rigular service. I didn't know him at first, he was so kivered all up in regimentals, but I was right glad to see him; and as soon as I tell'd him I wanted to see the king, he turned right round to the first chap who spoke to me, and gin him the word—and the name of Major

# Philadelphia Prices Current.

Journal for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bicknell, publisher of the Reporter, Commercial Director, and Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 20, 1835.

ASHES ..... cwt. 3 25 3 30
Pot ..... 3 25 3 30
Pearl ..... 4 75 5 00
LETTER ..... 10½
Feb. No. 1 ..... 11
Feb. No. 2 ..... 10
No. 1 ..... 8½ 9
No. 2 ..... 8 8½
COAL ..... ton 4 50 5
Lehigh ..... 4 25 5
Schuylkill, Egg, Stove, &c. ..... 5 00 6
Lump ..... 4 50 5
COFFEE ..... 10 11
Java ..... 11 12½
Laguira ..... 11 12½
Rio ..... 11 12½
Cuba ..... 11 12½
St. Domingo ..... 11 12½
COPPERAS ..... cwt. 1 12½ 1 13
COTTON ..... lb. Duty .3 cts per lb.
New Orleans ..... 17½ 19½
Alabama ..... 17 18½
Upland ..... 17 18
DRUGS and Teas.
Alum ..... cwt. 2 75 3
Copperas ..... bush 0 62½ 0 66
Flaxseed, rough ..... 1 75 1 76
do. clean, cash
Timothy ..... bbls 11 50 12 75
Herds ..... bush
Orchard grass ..... 2 00 2 25
Whitegrass .....
Rye, in bbls ..... 3 50
Wheat ..... bbls 9 25 9 31
do. from wagons 9 31
WOOL .....
Prime, Saxony fleece ..... lb. 37 40
Am. wash. full bl'd. 28 30
do. ..... ¼ blood. 47 50
do. ..... ¼ blood. 45 47
do. ..... ½ and com. 43 45
Am. unwash. full bl'd 30 32
do. ..... ¼ blood. 28 30
do. ..... ½ blood. 25 27
do. ..... ½ and com. 23 25
Super. pulled lambs 40 45
No. 1 do. 32 35
No. 2 do. 30 32
No. 3 do. 28 30
Saxony, clean.
Spanish, B. F. & S.
do. lambs. 70 80

New Orleans. 30 31
Sugar-house. 47 49
do. N. York. 47 49
do. Philad. 48 50
do. Steam. 46 52
Trinidad. 274 276
Porto Rico. 50 50
English French Isl. 45 49
Hav. & Matanzas. 25 29
MACKEREL.
No. 1, bbl 6 75 6 87½
No. 2 6 00 6 25
No. 3 4 75 5 00
OIL.
Linseed, Am. from store. 1 05 1 08
do. Dutch.
Whale, gal. 33 38
Sperm, winter. 1 60 1 62
do. summer. 80 85
PLASTER PARIS .....
In Delaware, ton 3 00
In Schuylkill 3 00
SEEDS .....
Clover, bush 6 00 6 00
Flaxseed, rough. 1 75 1 76
do. clean, cash
Timothy, bbls 11 50 12 75
Herds, bush
Orchard grass 2 00 2 25
Whitegrass .....
Rye, in bbls 3 50
Wheat 9 25 9 31
do. from wagons 9 31
WOOL .....
Prime, Saxony fleece lb. 37 40
Am. wash. full bl'd. 28 30
do. ¼ blood. 47 50
do. ¼ blood. 45 47
do. ½ and com. 43 45
Am. unwash. full bl'd 30 32
do. ¼ blood. 28 30
do. ½ blood. 25 27
do. ½ and com. 23 25
Super. pulled lambs 40 45
No. 1 do. 32 35
No. 2 do. 30 32
No. 3 do. 28 30
Saxony, clean.
Spanish, B. F. & S.
do. lambs. 70 80

Saving Fund Society.—The Northern District Association and Spring Garden Saving Fund Society receive deposits on Mondays and Thursdays of each week, from 9 o'clock, P. M. until 3, at their office, No 339 North Third below Green street.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, March 21, 1835.

☞ Look at the Terms on the last page.—*There has been no change in them for many years past.*

## THE BALL.

The Citizens' Ball, in aid of the Firemen's Fund, took place at the Chesnut street Theatre, on Thursday evening last, and proved one of the most brilliant fêtes ever witnessed in Philadelphia. The number of persons present could not have been less than twenty-two hundred, of whom over twelve hundred were ladies. *The company comprised a great portion of the wealth, the beauty and fashion of the city.* The dresses of the ladies were of a most rich and imposing character, and the decorations of the house were truly magnificent.

The pit and the stage were floored over, on a level with the boxes, so that the area for dancing occupied the whole space from the boxes to the back door of the Theatre on Carpenter street. The beautiful columns painted for the masquerade scene in the play of Gonzavus, were ranged on the stage, leaving the wings on each side entirely open. A large chandelier, perhaps ten feet in diameter, was suspended over the pit, another of the same size, over the stage, and smaller ones over the stage wings. These lights, aided by the regular lights of the theatre, gave brilliancy and effect to the splendid decorations, and rendered the view from the boxes more like a scene of enchantment, than sober reality.

The decorations of the house were magnificent. The beautiful banners belonging to the several fire companies, were placed in front of the boxes, and flags, emblems, portraits, mottoes, &c. were suspended in every direction. Artificials and embellishments of every description were interspersed, to aid the general design. All present *joined* in awarding high praise to the taste and industry of the decorating committee, and to the managers generally, for their discreet and satisfactory arrangement.

The company began to assemble about nine o'clock, and before ten the dancers were in motion, and moving to the music of Johnson's unrivalled band, twenty-five in number, who were stationed in the second tier of boxes, immediately in front of the stage. *Between the cotillions, refreshments of various kinds were served to the ladies. A sumptuous table was spread for the gentlemen in the lobbies, to which they resorted at their pleasure. The enjoyments of* the evening elicited the admiration of all present, and the whole was a scene of life, gaiety, wit, fashion and beauty, long to be remembered by those who had the good fortune to be actors or spectators on the occasion.

The receipts of the Ball were large, and it is believed that a sum not short of *fifteen hundred dollars*, will be paid over to the Firemen's Fund.

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The exchange office of our friend, Mr. Robert T. Bicknell, in the Merchant's Exchange, was entered and robbed on Tuesday night last. Gold and silver coin of various denominations to the amount of $100, and two watches worth $100, were taken. The office was entered by the Walnut street door. About seven hundred dollars of the money belonged to a gentleman on his way from Baltimore to New York, who had left it at Mr. Bicknell's office, on landing from the steamboat, in preference to taking it to a hotel. Suspicion has not attached to any person, but the presumption is, that some passenger in the steamboat had watched the trunk to its place of destination.

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The winter we have passed through will probably long be remembered as one of intense severity. It has reminded many of our aged inhabitants of the winters thirty, forty and fifty years ago, when the ground was not unfrequently covered with snow for months. During the last winter the Delaware was frozen twice, and fastened with ice, for a short spell, a third time, a circumstance unprecedented in the history of Philadelphia, for many years past. Speaking of the cold weather the Annapolis Republican says:—

Talk of old fashioned winters! we'll put the winter of 1834—5, against the best of them for an honest downright cold winter. Let them tell us of a winter in which the Chesapeake Bay, was three several *times frozen across* as far down as Annapolis, and once to *the very Capes! Let them tell us of a winter* that began earlier or staid longer—*of a winter* in which the very last night of February closed the navigation of the Patapsco and the Severn!—of a regular built North East snow storm as late as the 7th March, falling upon a solid frosty foundation. In short, let them tell us when the mercury actually froze in the thermometers, before they brag again of their old fashioned winters.

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An association called the *Property Guard*, has lately been organized in Baltimore. Its members take upon themselves the respectable duty, at times of fire, of removing goods and furniture, and of carefully guarding them from depredation or injury.

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Some of our country brethren display much ingenuity in dunning their bad-pay subscribers, and we occasionally meet with an article that is worth copying. The annexed is distinguished for its truth and point, and is not altogether inapplicable to ourselves. We are unable to quote its origin.

### THE PRINTER'S SOLILOQUY.

'Tis strange 'tis most prodigious strange,
That our subscribers are so careless grown
In paying their arrears. They cannot think
That we alone, who publish to the world
News from all nations, and delight to spread
Useful instruction through our spacious land;
Can, meanwhile, live on air: 'tis flesh and blood
That works the press and turns the blackened sheet
Well stored and ready for their eager eyes.
This flesh and blood must be recruited oft,
As well as theirs, or else the press must stop.
This calls for CASH. And then how many reams
Of paper are struck off and scattered wide,
For which no length of credit will be given,
If given at all—besides the type and ink,
And many things required by those who print,
For which our money must be answerable!

Oh! that our readers would consider this!
And while they, laughingly, look our paper o'er
And gather information from its page,
Would pause, and this one, simple question ask,
"Do I not owe for one, two, three, or four
Years past, the Printer, who supplies me with
This sheet?" And O! that he should only add
"I will go even now and pay him." So should we
Well pleased receive, and with light heart pursue
Our useful toil; while conscience would applaud
Their conduct, and give relish to the zest
We may prepare. Come then, good friend, and soon.

## THE MILLENIUM IS AT HAND!

We have been favoured with a copy of the "Book of Life" being the 16th No. of the Elements of Astrology, by Edward Postelthwayt Page, High Priest of Nature—Padre of the Supreme Church—Reviver of Temple Worship, and its Sacred Drama—Generalissimo of the Crusaders against Spiritual Babylon of Language and Worship, alike confused—Grand Master of the Supreme Mystics (that are to Freemasons what Christ was to their tutelary saint, John the Baptist)—and Emperor of the World."

This book undertakes to *prove by infallible calculations* that the great Day of Judgment is to take place *next year*, (1836,) amidst earthquakes, comets and a general convulsion of nature, and the MILLENIUM will commence!!

The author says "Did the infatuated world but know *all my* calculations, or only a ten-thousandth part of them—good heavens! what processions, and shouting, and dancing and ringing of bells, and serenading with bands of music, and firing of cannon, should usher in the Millenium of 1835. Like a steam boat under a high pressure of steam, the earth would tremble with the joy of its inhabitants."

Plato,—a winter of thy year has fled!
The spring rain rises from the grave his bed.
The Jew and Gentile now shall surely wed:
And Sun, Moon, Earth, their triune will shed
A light on Egypt's triple Calendar, says Ned.

When Truth is triumphant, banks will become temples of worship, and their vaults being empty, gold and silver will adorn organs of music, sculpture, and every part of the sanctuary's interior. Dedicate gold to God, and happiness is the reward.

Notwithstanding we have read Mr. Page's book with some care, we confess ourselves unable to comprehend the *rationale* of the subject. The work contains a vast amount of figures and mathematical calculations, which are so arranged as to appear plausible, but they will convey no distinct idea to the mind of the uninitiated, and are likely to remain a mystery to those unacquainted with "St. Peter's Key," "The Cherubim of Glory," "The Sun's Magic Compasses" &c. the secrets of which appear to be fully comprehended by the learned author. In noticing the work therefore we can do no more than state what the author *designs* to prove—whether he has succeeded, the reader must determine for himself. *To furnish specimens of Mr. Page's poetic style we give a few unconnected extracts.*

"Nature is the mirror of the invisible One." She is elder Scripture, written by his own hand. "The gospel of the stars, great nature's holy writ!" The globe terrestrial as a living creature, whose spirit, mind or soul is the celestial globe, traced in the imagery of things on earth, as man's occult mind is pictured in his body. Every planet, in number equal to all the moments of Eternity, in a body to a similar spirit heaven. The electric fluid of matter pervades squares, and of mind, their circles. God the Father reigns omnipotent in active Matter; the Son omnipresent in neuter Space; the Comforter omniscient in passive time;—to which triangles, squares, and circles allude.

I command, that Matter, Space, and Time be alike regulated according to the *metre of Geometry*, and *rhythm of Arithmetic*.

America,—*say Ureka!*
Saint Peter's is a merry key!
Then dance with song, and shout with glee!
Welcome, welcome Jubilee!
'Tis Mexico's famed Century!
'Tis Miss Jubilee with her fiddle-de-dee!
'Tis sweet Jubilee with her tweedle-dum-dee!
She is such a clew, when brought into view!
She is Montezuma's Century!

Matter is Nature's lamp, Space the wick, Time the *oil*, and God's love their flame, illuminating the universal Temple of Nature!

## THEATRICAL.

Mr. Addams and Mr. Booth, have been playing at the Walnut street Theatre, during the week to crowded houses. Booth is as spirited as ever, and Addams is no ephemeral favorite.

Mad. Celeste is performing at the Arch street Theatre. She appears to be a favorite with a large portion of our play-goers. Her entertainments are more varied than they were during her previous engagement in this city.

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A democratic state convention will be held at *Lewistown*, in *May* next. It is expected that the Hon. HENRY A. MUHLENBURG, of Berks county, will be nominated as a candidate for Governor, but it is stated by the Harrisburg Intelligencer, that should Mr. Muhlenburg decline, JESSE MILLER, of Perry county, will probably be brought forward.

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*Four* fine shad, the first caught in the Delaware, *this season*, were sold in our market, on Tuesday last. In the course of next week the supply will be abundant.

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VIRGINIA.—The Legislature of Virginia adjourned on the 13th instant, after a session of 102 days. They passed 227 acts, several of which relate to internal improvements, and one of which provides for the formation of a new county, out of a part of Ohio county, to be called MARSHALL.

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KENTUCKY.—A meeting of the democratic members of the Legislature of this state was held in Frankfort, *a few days* since, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the Presidency. A ticket embracing the names of Martin Van Buren, for President, and Richard M. Johnson, for Vice President, was agreed upon, and delegates were appointed to the National Convention.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The election in this state last week, resulted in the entire success of the Jackson ticket. William Badger has been re-elected Governor, and Samuel Cushman, Benning M. Bean, Franklin Pearce, Joseph Weeks and Robert Burns, all friends of the administration, have been returned to Congress. Messrs. Cushman and Weeks, are new members.

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TENNESSEE.—An election for Governor and members of Congress, will take place in this state, on the first Tuesday in August. For the post of Chief Magistrate there are already three candidates, viz. Gen. Samuel G. Smith, the present Secretary of State, the Hon. James K. Polk, representative in Congress, and Col. Wm. Carter. For Congress, Hon. Daniel W. Dickinson will be opposed in the Rutherford District by Gen. Wm. Brady. Hon. Wm. C. Dunlap in the thirteenth district, will be opposed by Hon. Christopher H. Williams, his competitor at the last election. In the twelfth, the return of Col. David Crockett will be contested by Adam Huntsman, and probably by a third candidate.

Most of the newspapers of this state are in favour of Judge White, for the Presidency.

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### O'CONNELL.

At a recent meeting of the Trade's Union of Dublin, Mr. O'Connell was present by invitation and when called upon for a speech, uttered a most animated philippic against the Ministerial party. In the course of his speech he had said that twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and even three hundred pounds, had been offered for *a single vote, by the tory party*, and offered too to individuals who had not the means of procuring a meal's meat for their families for weeks. The strength of principles which could resist these bribes, he complimented in high terms, and expressed himself as feeling proud that he was labouring for such a people. Of the late Whig Ministry he said:—

The period in which they were now likely to do good to Ireland, was the very moment in which court intrigue dissolved their power, and their places were taken by the champions of Orange dominion. I have heard it has been said that the avowal is made by the present Ministers, that they mean to rule upon Orange principles. I am glad of it—there is no hypocrisy about them. But still it is a proof that no man can pretend to be a liberal, either Protestant or Catholic, who does not from this moment take every means and use every exertion, consistently with the law and constitution, to assist in turning out the tory administration, as the sworn enemies of Ireland, as liberty and happiness. (Cheers.) Once before we beat Peel, and Wellington of Waterloo, and with the assistance of the Reformers of England and Scotland, we will beat them again, to the tune of "kick the rogues out." (Cheers and laughter.) Hurra then for "kick the rogues out." (Laughter.) Once more "kick the rogues out."—(Loud laughter.) The next question we have to answer is this—how are we to do it? I will tell you—first, by keeping strictly within the bounds of the law—by giving your enemies no hold over you. Any illegal act on the part of the people gives strength to their enemies and weakness to their friends. Keep within the bounds of the law—within the limits you can work safely, securely, and efficiently, as I have demonstrated in a life of thirty years' struggling—(hear.)

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USEFUL HINTS TO MISSIONARIES.—A former pastor of the parish of Logie, distinguished for his simplicity of manners, happened when a-stream to the celebrated Dr. Henry, to meet the Doctor on the Castle Hill of Edinburg, during the French war, when the following dialogue took place: "What ha'e been doing in the Castle Messe John?" "I've been about my master's wark, converting the poor deluded bodies, the French prisoners." "A most orthodox employment—of course you understand the language?" "No, no'er a word o' French can I speak." "Astonishing! how did you get on?" "To tell the truth doctor, it was no easy matter; for the first time, when I tried to be serious with them, they jeer'd and made a fule o' me; but I fell on a better plan the *next day*; I ordered a great bowl o' punch, and we sat a' round it, and drank to *one another*; they laugh and I laugh!—and ya hea, doctor, the Lord works ha ain wark."

## INTERIOR OF A CONVENT.

The work by Miss Reed, to which we referred in our last paper, has just been published in Boston. The editor of the Transcript, in relation to the book says: We have never known inquiry so frequent and eagerness wrought up to such a degree for any publication, as for the Narrative of Miss Reed. The employments and ceremonies of the inmates of convents in this country, have hitherto remained shrouded in secrecy; and now that the veil is for the first time to be raised, curiosity is on tip-toe to get a glimpse behind the curtain. We have solicited an early examination of the volume, and are at liberty to detach a few passages, from which our readers may judge of the unaffected simplicity of the style and of the nature of the disclosures.

Miss Reed is a native of Charlestown, and after the convent was removed from Boston to Mount Benedict, she became attracted by their ceremonies and the conversation of one or two Catholics, and sought an opportunity to be introduced to the Superior. She was pleased with the interview and soon visited the convent again, and not long after was introduced to the Bishop. She remained under the influence of the Catholics many months before she was qualified to become an inmate of the convent; during which time, she had full opportunity to learn their peculiarities. Of their power to work miracles she says:—

Previous to my joining the Community, I heard of many miracles wrought by Catholic Priests. Mrs. G. brought a lady one day in a chaise to show me her eyes, which were restored by means of a Priest, Dr. O. F. She, as Mrs. G. stated, was totally blind, but having faith in miracles, she took to her confessor, requesting him to heal her. After touching her eyes with spittle and holy oil, she immediately "received her sight."

When she was told that the Bishop had concluded to receive her as a novitiate, the Superior requested her to kneel down and take the following obligation: "I do, with the grace and assistance of Almighty God, renounce the world forever, and place myself under your protection, from this day consecrate myself to his honour and glory, in the house of God, and to do whatever obedience prescribes, and tell no one of this obligation but Mr. B., in confession."

After she was fairly inducted, she was shown into the apartment called the Religieuse Choir; and here the Superior caused her to kneel three times before she was suited. Miss R. proceeds:

"After the performances were over, which consisted of the office of adoration to the Blessed Virgin and prayers to the Saints, repeated in the Latin tongue, of which I know nothing, we proceeded to the refectory, where we partook of our "portions." After saying Latin, we kneeled and kissed the floor, at a signal given by the Superior on her muff-box. Before retiring, one of the Religieuse said, "In nomine domini nostri Jesu Christe," to all making the sign of the cross, and responding "Amen." After receiving our portions, we performed several devotions, such as kissing the floor and repeating Latin, while the "Angelus" was ringing. We then went immediately to the "community." On entering this room, the "Novices" kneel and repeat the "Ave Maria," [Hail Mary,] kiss the floor, and seat themselves for recreation, according to the rules given by the Superior, entitled, "Rules by the Reverend Mother." The following are the rules, which were inclosed in a gilt frame and suspended to the community; and it is the duty of every Novice to read them, at least, once a week.

1. To rise on the appearance of the Superior.
2. When reprimanded, to kneel at once and kiss the floor, until the signal be given to rise.
3. When speaking of the Superior, to say our Mother; when speaking to her, and to the professed Choir Religieuse Mamere; to say Sister, when speaking to the Novices; of them, Miss; and of the professed Choir, Mrs., to say *our* or *ours*, instead of *my* or *mine*.
4. To say "Ave Maria" every time we enter the community.
5. Before entering any room, to give *three* knocks on the door, accompanied by some religious ejaculation, and wait until they are answered by three from within.
6. Not to lift our eyes while walking in the passage ways; also, never to *touch* each other hands.
7. To stand while spoken to by the Bishop or Superior, and kneel while speaking to them; to speak in a particular tone.
8. If necessary to speak to the Superior during a time of silence, approach her kneeling, and speak in whispers.
9. Never to leave a room without permission, giving at the same time our reasons.
10. To rise and say the "Hour!" every time the clock strikes, except when the Bishop is present, who, if he wishes, makes the signal.

The following are the words written "*Rules and Penances of our Holy Father, Saint Augustine*," together with those of Saint Ursula, as near as I can recollect. They are read at the refectory table every week.

1. To kneel in the presence of the Bishop, until his signal to rise.
2. Never to gratify our appetites, except with his holiness the Bishop's or a Father Confessor's permission.
3. Never to approach or look out of the window of the Monastery.
4. To sprinkle our couches every night with holy water.
5. Not to make a noise in walking over the Monastery.
6. To wear sandals and haircloth; to inflict punishment upon ourselves with our girdles, in imitation of a Saint.
7. To sleep on a hard mattress or couch, with one coverlet.
8. To walk with pebbles in our shoes, or walk kneeling until a wound is produced. Never to touch our thing without permission.
9. Never to gratify our curiosity, or exercise our thoughts on any subject, without our spiritual director's knowledge and advice. Never to desire food or water between portions.
10. Every time, on leaving the community, to take holy water from the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and make the sign of the cross.
11. If a *Religieuse parent* in disobeying the Superior, she is to be brought before the Bishop of the diocese, and punished as he shall think proper. Never to smile except at recreation, nor even then contrary to religious decorum.
12. Should the honored Mother, the Superior, detect a *Religieuse* whose mind is occupied with worldly thoughts, or who is negligent in observing the rules of the Monastery, which are requisite and necessary to her perseverance and perfection in a religious life, she should immediately cause her to retire to her cell, where she could enter into a retreat.

Every Friday the inmates were requested to assemble for confession to the Superior.

The manner is as follows: the room is first darkened, and one lighted wax taper placed upon the Superior's throne; and she is considered as filling the place or station of the Blessed Virgin. After taking their places in the greatest order and silence, the Religieuse respond. Then the lecturer reads from a book, called Rules for the Ursuline Order, by Saint Ursula, about complaining of the cold, our clothing, food, &c. &c. They sit on their feet during the reading, a posture *extremely painful*. The reading finished, the Superior whispers to the Sisters to approach her separately, which they do; each one in her turn approaches, and repeats the following: "Our Mother, we acknowledge that we have been guilty of breaking the rules of our *Holy Order*, by lifting our eyes while walking in the passage ways; in neglecting to take holy water on entering the community and choir; failing in respect to our superior, and veneration to our Father; failing in religious decorum, and in respect to our vows,—poverty and obedience; for which we most humbly ask pardon of God, penance and forgiveness of you, our Holy Mother." As each one finishes, the "Holy Mother" gives her advice and penances, and her blessings; they then kiss her feet, and sometimes make the cross with their tongues on the floor; then making their inclination, they retire to the choir to perform the penances.

After they are all assembled in the choir, the Superior says, *Kyrie eleison*, and they all answer, *Kyrie eleison*; the Superior says, *Christe eleison*, and they answer, *Christe eleison*, &c. &c. She then says Litany to the Saints in Latin, beginning with "Sancta Maria," and they respond, "Ora pro nobis," &c. &c. The ceremony is very solemn. It is performed until eight o'clock, A. M., when we receive our portion sitting on the floor.

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* In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. When opportunity offered, I asked the Superior to explain the meaning. She said, in a very solemn manner, "You must not, my dear Sister, give way to curiosity. Do you not recollect it is against the rules for a Religieuse to do so?" I answered "Yes, Madam?" and complied at once, (by kissing the door,) when she observed: "A Religieuse should never have a will of her own; as she grew in perfection in the order, she would understand what these words mean; it will be revealed to you when you are deserving." She taught me to believe that the "Office of the Blessed Virgin," (which was in Latin, and which we all repeated, without understanding it,) was none other than that chanted in heaven by the Saints, around the throne of the Almighty, and called the sweet communion of "All Saints."

† "THE HOLY.—O sacred heart of Jesus! always united to the will of thy Father, grant that ours may be sweetly united in thine. Heart of Mary! an asylum in the land of our captivity, procure for us the happy liberty of the children of Jesus. May the souls of the faithful departed, through the merits of Christ and mercies of God, rest in peace. Amen." The above is what is called *an Hour*: there are a different, though similar one, for each of the twenty-four hours in the day. They are written and placed in two gilt frames, over the mantel-piece; twelve over the heart of Mary in one, and twelve over the heart of Jesus in the other. Every time the clock strikes, the one whose turn it is to lecture, rises and says one of them.

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Philadelphia is estimated to contain at this time 200,000 inhabitants, who require for domestic use, manufactories, and steamers, 250,000 cords of wood annually. By means of canals, a supply of coals is procured to two dollars per cord, making a saving to the inhabitants of $500,000 a year. Not does the advantages stop there; for owing to the reduction in the price of fuel, numerous articles, in the manufacture of which fuel is a considerable item of expenditure, are also lowered in price.

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The above paragraph, from a Boston paper, is incorrect in relation to the price of wood. The ordinary price is about four dollars per cord, but during the late severe weather it was enhanced to eight and nine dollars. In New York, a week or two since, hickory wood sold at $8 per load, of *two tons*, or at the rate of $10 per cord.

## EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

We learn that the Girard Bank has voted an appropriation of One Hundred Dollars, in aid of the Association for the Relief of Disabled Firemen. This is commendable, and the example, we presume, will be followed by all the Banks of the city and county.

On the night of the 14th inst., the tailoring establishment of Mr. Mr. THORN, at the south-east corner of Fourth and Callowhill street, was broken open and robbed of a variety of clothes and ready made clothing. This is the second time the store has been robbed within a few weeks.

A fire broke out on the morning of the 14th inst., about one o'clock, in a stable in the rear of house No. 74 South Front street. The building was destroyed, together with its contents, and a horse and a dray. The fire communicated to the roofs of the houses No. 72, 74, and 76, which were considerably injured, and the house at the S. W. corner of Norris's Alley and Front suffered some damage.

MURDER MISSING BANK.—We learn, that the act providing for the removal of the Bank of Moyamensing into the city, has passed both houses of the Legislature, and received the signature of the Governor. It is the intention of the Directors to locate the institution in Second or Third streets and between Spruce and Chesnut streets. At least we have been so informed.

There were 125 deaths in Philadelphia during the past week—51 of which were adults, and 74 children. By consumption, 20—32 under one year of age. 2 were from the almshouse, and 18 people of colour, and 1 from the country.

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In the House of Representatives on Saturday the 28th ult. Mr. T. S. Smith, of the Select committee appointed on the subject, reported "an act to establish the seat of Government of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania *at the city of Philadelphia*."

We learn from Harrisburg, that the State Legislature will adjourn about the 10th of April.

NOTLAZOMAHUITZTOPIOCATALIMA.—Pronounce this *leetle* word; it is the original Mexical for country cousins.

George M. Bedd, whose term of service as a Senator of the United States expired on the 4th of March, has been appointed by the Legislature of Kentucky, Chancellor of the Louisville Chancery Court.

The eastern papers announce the arrival of seven whaling ships, whose aggregate cargoes are 11,400 bls of oil.

Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that there lives in the town of New Bedford, a farm by consisting of five brothers and six sisters, whose gross weight is twenty-four hundred pounds! One of the ladies weighs nearly three hundred pounds.

A poor woman with six children, who was about to be executed by the butchers of Don Carlos, near St. Sebastian, prayed to have a moment's interview with her husband. It was granted, and this latter then nobly offered himself for execution in place of his wife, who was of more importance, he deemed, than himself, to the welfare of his children. He was accepted, and shot in her stead.

TOOTH-PULLING.—Capt. Shreeve, who has been for some time past at work with Uncle Sam's "tooth pullers" (steamboats) upon the snags and sawyers of the Red River, writes to the New Orleans Bulletin, that he hopes to remove the whole obstruction, by the beginning of June next. Then steamboats may go 800 miles into the interior of that rich country!

A public meeting was held at New Orleans, on the 24th ult. for the purpose of making arrangements to give John Howard Payne a theatrical benefit.

A balloon man in Baltimore is about to make an ascension for the benefit of the seamstresses.

The Legislature of Virginia adjourned on the 12th inst., after having passed two hundred and twenty-seven acts—among them a bill incorporating the Richmond Gas Light Company.

The North River is open as far up as Newburgh.

President Jackson is sixty-eight years of age. The eighteenth of March was his Birth-day.

The bill annulling the marriage contract between Charles P. Barton and Ann his wife, has passed the State Senate.

The Rev. J. N. Maffitt was at New Orleans on the 21st ultimo.

Three clerks in the General Post-Office have been dismissed, on suspicion of having favoured the investigations of the Committees. Another has been discharged because he was a connexion of one of the committee—so says a letter from Washington.

A FAITHFUL MONITER.—The Norfolk Beacon of the 10th instant states that on the Friday previous, a lady in Portsmouth, (Va.) was delivered of *four boys*, two of which are line healthy children—the other two were dead. The same lady, about ten months since, was delivered of *three boys*, none of whom lived, making seven children in ten months!

IMPORTANT TO SOAP BOILERS.—It has recently been discovered that ammoniacal gas, passed into the soap pan containing palm oil and alkali in a state of ebullition and mechanical motion, changes the colour to a beautiful yellow. The colour is changed in a few minutes, no matter how large the quantity, as the gas gets in contact with every particle of it.

EXTRACT of a letter from Constantinople of the 17th December:—"Despatches have been received from Sir J. Campbell, announcing that, at the moment of the Persian Shah's death, many of his sons rushed on his body, in order to seize the diamonds which the deceased wore. In this contest three of the Princes were killed. All the south of Persia became immediately the scene of revolt and carnage."

OLD HAGER BURNT TO DEATH.—A fire broke out about 9 o'clock on the evening of the 4th instant, in a frame house in Apple ally, near Fleet street, a portion of which was destroyed. An old black woman, long known in this city by the name of Old Hager, occupied an upper room, to which it was impossible to gain access, and she was accordingly burnt to death. She was laid in the coffin in which she had been in the habit of sleeping for many years.—*Balt. Chronicle.*

QUEER EXPRESSIONS.—The Natchez Courier, in alluding to a candidate for the office of U. S. Senator, says that he is "a favourite son of Mississippi, whose services to the State have been enormous, if his own account of them is to be the criterion by which they are to be judged, but whose proper position and station ought to be more elevated than the U. S. Senate—a horizontal position on the spre of a church."

The *Louisville* Journal, in copying from an eastern paper the account of a very tall fellow, with the eastern editor's speculations as to what the tall fellow did with his feet when he went to bed, remarks that there is a man in Louisville much taller, and who finds no difficulty with his feet, as he always, when he has down, *shuts up, like a jackknife*.

The President has paid a visit to the Chinese lady and found fault with the smallness of her feet; and desired her, when she reached home to use her influence in setting all such small feet to future.

There are now between *seven* and *eight hundred* slaves, offered by their owners, in various States of the South and West, to the American Colonization Society, for liberation and removal to Liberia, if the Society had the means to send them. Unfortunately it has not. Cannot the benevolent and patriotic of this opulent nation furnish the means? Let the appeal be made, and we are sure they will.—*Nat. Intell.*

MORMONISM IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Strange as it may seem, those senseless wretches, the Mormons, have numerous and organized societies in the neighbourhood of Northampton, Massachusetts; and in South Hadley they have formed a junction with another precious denomination of fanatics who call themselves "Perfectionists," forsooth. Their religious exercises consist of exhortations, jumpings, dances, and so forth, and they have, says a Northampton paper, found a dozen proselytes among the highly intelligent citizens of old Hampshire. We beg the editor's pardon, but we fancy there must be some mistake about the "intelligence" aforesaid.

THE LAST FROM COLONEL CROCKETT.—In the debate in the U. S. House of Representatives on the 3d instant, on the bill for increasing the number of Hospitals, one of the Western members arose and observed: "Mr. Speaker, my opinion is, that the *generality* of mankind—in *general*, are disposed to take the disadvantage—of the *generality*—of mankind in *general*." "Sit down, sit down," whispered the Colonel, who sat near him: "you are coming out at the same hole you went in."

The news of the difficulties between France and the United States, produced a considerable sensation at Vienna, because it was learned at that grand locus of absolutism, that the present French ministry might have no more mob—that while the whigs in England would replace the tories, the more liberal Tiers-Parti in France would supersede the Doctrinaires, and finally a general war in Europe would grow out of our rupture.

It is said England is about to accommodate her coin to the decimal *system* of France and Holland.

The number of pupils in the New England Asylum for the Blind has increased during the past year from 24 to 42. Of these, 33 are beneficiaries from the several States of New England, supported by public funds. Music receives a great share of attention.—They are generally familiar with Arithmetic, and several with Algebra and Geometry. Geography and English Grammar are taught to most of these. French to one class and Latin to three boys. In addition, they are taught mechanical occupations: they sew, knit, braid, manufacture mattresses, cushions, door mats, and coarse baskets.

A cutler, at Lyons, is said to have succeeded in perfecting a mode of tempering steel, to such a high degree, that he can, with a knife so tempered, cut through a two sous piece without the edge being turned.

During the year 1834, there were received at the Post Office in the city of New York, 430,399 ship letters, or a trifle over a hundred and fifty per day; 183,655 of which were for our delivery, and 226,504 when mailed for distant circulation.

The present King of England, was born 24th of August, 1765, and is now in his 70th year. The present Queen was born 13th of August, 1796, and is only in her 40th year.

A Frenchman, named Billet, said to have invented a machine which will discharge 120,000 balls, each of eight ounces weight. If this is true, we shall have no more standing armies or pitched battles.

FIR ROBERT PEEL AND GEORGE IV.—It is well known in the fashionable circles, that the late King of England—"the finest gentleman in Europe"—took an irreconcilable dislike to the present Premier, because, at one of his royal dinners, the son of the Cotton Spinner was observed to eat peas with his knife! His Majesty never asked the unworthy politician to dinner again.

DANGER OF PRACTICAL JESTS.—A workman belonging to a certain shop in Paris, and who was accustomed to sobriety, not coming at his usual hour, his comrades, out of sport, hang him in effigy, and went to a neighbouring tavern to celebrate over wine, his pretended funeral obsequies. The poor young man, hearing of it, was so chagrined that he actually committed suicide!

A company has been incorporated by the Legislature of Illinois, with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, to construct a Rail-road from Jacksonville, Morgan county, to Meredosia, on the Illinois river. Exclusive privileges are granted to the corporation for fifty years.

TREMENDOUS DIVIDEND. The "Experimental Rail Road" in North Carolina, has made a dividend of 35 per cent. upon the capital stock for the last six months!—This must undoubtedly be considered a very fair experiment. Very well indeed, to begin with.

Mr. John Miller, of Anne Arundel county, Md. has invented a new plan for constructing bridges, called the "continuous wrought-iron bar bridge."

The Peekskill market boats have commenced their regular trips to the "great city." The Hudson was open to within 30 miles of Albany on Monday.

A young man, by the name of Duben, being brought up before the Court Royal for some slight offence, threw his wooden shoes at the heads of the judges, who narrowly escaped severe or fatal wounds, and then uttered the most violent and gross abuse against them and the King. He was condemned for this outrage to five years imprisonment.

A serious disturbance lately occurred at the Medical School in Sheffield. A man and his wife, both drunk, and quarrelling before the building, the populace mistook the woman's cries for an attempt on the part of the doctors to *Burke* her for a subject. The mob collected, broke into the house, and set fire to it; and the excitement was not allayed till the military were called out.

Count Etienne Szechenyi, of Hungary, is still engaged on the subject of the navigation of the Danube. Steam boats, it is thought, will commence running on this river regularly to Constantinople when the coming season opens.

A felon by the name of Picard (*Pick-hard*) has become celebrated by his extraordinary subtlety and ingenuity in escaping from prison. Lately being confined in a dungeon cell at Laon, and in which it was thought impossible he could escape, and where he was visited every two hours by the turn-key, the latter left him at 11 in the evening on his truckle bed, and at 1 o'clock in the morning found him gone. Picard had dug a hole three feet deep with a small piece of plank, and by this passage he communicated with another cell. There he pierced the wall, and mounting by the bars of the window to the gutter above, thence let himself down, leaving his chemise behind, with a note stating he would be absent three months. He was subsequently, however, arrested.

It has been estimated that to effectually and permanently insure a building from dry rot will not cost nearly so much as to insure it against fire, and that the number of houses destroyed by dry rot and by fire are very nearly in the relative proportions of 43 to 3.

The new American novel of Miriam Coffin, is highly commended by the London Morning Herald.

A BULL.—In one of Cobbett's late letters from Ireland he assures us, that the first merchants have their food boiled in "*iron coppers*." There must be something contagious in the air of Ireland.

PUBLIC WORKS IN FRANCE.—There have been employed this year, on account of the civil list, on the works at Paris, Fontainbleau, Versailles, &c. about 5,000 workmen: on the private estates of the King 2,000, and by the Government, on public works, about 10,000. Upwards of 5,000 men are at present employed by the city of Paris.

The Crawcours it is said carried away with them full twenty thousand dollars, which they dashed into their pockets in the course of about a year, and then got off without going before the Police. A great many people love to be cheated. There is no agreeable interest about the operation. Such persons can always be accommodated in our good city.

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### RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *March* 13.—*Received from* | | *Received from* | |
| Elisha Field, | $100 00 | B. H. Markell, Esq. | 6 00 |
| M. A. Bierce, Esq. | 2 00 | J. D. Murrill, Esq. | 20 00 |
| Corns. Stewart, Esq. | 1 00 | Rich. McClure, Esq. | 4 00 |
| Jas. Carrington, Esq. | 1 00 | L. Abercrombie, Esq. | 2 00 |
| Peter Gaylord, Esq.

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

## THE CATASTROPHE.

It was a dark and gloomy day,
The sun shed not his light,
Clouds rolled thick in black array—
'Twas almost dark as night!
And from the clouds the rain came down
In torrents, thick and fast:—
The Heavens wore a dismal frown,
And a gloom o'er all things cast.—
The winds blew hard, and the winds blew cold,
And chilled the blood of man,
And the saints of even the truest and bold
In a counter current ran.
The trees were veiled in a misty shroud,
The birds their feathers drooped;
The wild beasts howled in a chorus loud,
The lions in fears were cooped:
The evening came, it darker grew,
And harder poured the rain,
And the winds with a blast much keener blew,
And the thunder roared amain.
And on that dark and terrible eve,
When most were asleep in bed,
A villain dark rolled up his sleeve,
And bared his arm with an aspect dread,
And swore an oath, with impout big,
As he put forth his hand, and—*Stole the Pig.*

O. P. Q.

There is in New London, N. H. a remarkable rock, nearly 100 feet long, 50 wide and 30 high. When the "rocks rent," this rock was rent lengthwise into two parts, which are 15 feet asunder. Under this rock is a cavern which nearly equals Paddy's echoing cave, in Ireland.

Chuck in your head and give a hearty roar,
'Twill answer all you ask, and three times more!
Should you bawl out, say, pray sir, how dy'e do?
'Twill answer hearty as brandy! How are you?

It has been said that an Indian got upon this rock once, and thinking himself alone, gave a hearty yell, which was answered, and the Indian was so frightened that he fell and broke his neck?—*Dunstable Telegraph.*

WHERE YOU OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN.—A clergyman, who is in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was, not long since, at an inn, where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken winded horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman declined the purchase, and the jockey quite nettled, observed, "Parson, I had much rather hear you preach, than to see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way." "Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach." "Where was that?" inquired the jockey. "In the state prison," returned the clergyman.

A JUVENILE DANDY.—The Claremont Eagle tells the following excellent anecdote:

"A young buck, who as beard was as stiff as the down on a peach, after rising from a barber's chair said, "How much better a man looks when he is shaved, Mr. Leatherstrap? you've had a tough job of it with my cub orchard beard, you've left a little feathery stuff here yet—I suppose you'll ask no more than common folks—what's to pay?" "4 th! nothing sir! I always esteem it a favor, when I can have the privilege of strapping my razor on a *smooth piece of calf skin.*"

"THEY WONT STAY PUT."—The subjoined articles of intelligence may be relied on as accurate.

Divorced by the Supreme court on Friday, 20th Feb. 1835, for intolerable severity, Mrs. Nancy Tyler from Mr. Samuel Tyler.

Married, on Monday 23d Feb: 1835, Mr. Samuel Tyler to Mrs. Nancy Tyler.—*Green Mountain Dem.*

PHRENOLOGICAL CONVERT.—During the stay of Mr. Fowler, the Phrenologist, in this city, several hundreds called on him to have their heads examined, and receive certificates of their character. Some amusing scenes took place in consequence. We have heard one anecdote, which is quite a gem, we know not how true it is. Mr. Fowler's certificates are adjusted by numbers ranging from 1 to 20—10 being par, that is, an organ marked 10, was neither much developed nor deficient. One person whose casuality was not especially marked, upon examining his certificate in the presence of a friend said, "Well, come, I declare, its very strange—I believe that there is something in this ph enology after all—or else this Fowler is a witch. Here he has marked my casuality as low as seven, and upon my honor I never met with an important accident in all my life. There must be some truth in Phrenology."—*Eve Journ.*

*A Simile.*—An old lady, not very remarkable for the clearness of her ideas, describing a fine Summer evening, said: "It was a beautiful bright night—the moon made every thing *as light as a feather!*"

NEVER SAY YOU CANNOT.—There never was an instance of a man of shrinking disposition having accomplished great things. Drones of stupid beings who will not, or possibly cannot exert themselves, may be got along with; but a person who is forever tinkering about something, and will be constantly delving at this, that and the other with desperate industry, and yet fancying when he arrives at some difficulty he cannot see through, such an one we desire to have no acquaintance with; give us the man who, having made up his mind to arrive at a given point, dauntlessly pushes on through every obstacle. Resolution is the talisman that forces the flood gate of wealth, and unravels the mystery of getting rich.

*The Painter David and the Duke of Wellington.*—The Cabinet de Lecture tells the following as an authentic anecdote of a visit paid by the Duke of Wellington in 1815 to the *atelier* of the painter David, in Brussels, where he was at the time in exile. "We find David in his *negligee* at work when the Duke entered, as yet unannounced; the noise of the spurs of the English party having attracted the painter's attention, the following is said to have ensued:—Turning round, David saw the red uniform. "Gentleman," said he, with a slight inclination of the head, "whom have I the pleasure of addressing?" The foremost of the party replied, "I am the Duke of Wellington." David blushed at the name like a child, but immediately recovering, replied with an inexpressible coldness, "Sir, what can I do to oblige you? What is there here at your service?" The Duke, quite surprised at the coyness of his manner, replied, "I wished to behold an artist of so much celebrity, and as you have painted Buonaparte"—"You mean the Emperor," interrupted David with a haughty tone, and blushing again with rage, he took off his old helmet, (which he invariably wore while painting.) "Exactly," said the Duke; "I have come, that you may take my portrait."

David looked at him with a fixed gaze for some moments, and with an air of surprise, replied, "Sir, you must know I paint none but historical subjects." "I know it—yes," replied the Englishman, affecting a smile; "I am not a being of romance; you have rendered illustrious with your pencil the head of—this great man"—his finger pointing to the picture of Napoleon, on which the painter had been engaged when the party entered; "I will pay liberally for a portrait from so celebrated an artist." "Sir," was David's reply, "I have already told you that I paint none but historical subjects.—And besides—I never paint Englishmen." The painter turned round to the picture on which he had been engaged, as if there was no one in the room besides himself, upon which the Duke went away as he had entered, unpainted by David.

FORENSIC REBUKE.—A singular occurrence took place a few days since, in one of our courts of justice, admirably illustrative of the genius of our country and of the independence of our bar. In the course of a trial, a young and very talented lawyer, in examining a witness asked a question which the Judge considered improper and would not suffer to be put. In the progress of the cause, the Judge took occasion to ask the very question of the witness which he had interdicted to the counsel, whereupon that gentleman rose and respectfully protested against the question being put, on the ground of his having been prevented doing so by the bench. Sir, said the Judge, rather austerely, I shall put whatever question I think proper in my court.—Your court, Sir, replied the barrister, I deny it to be so; it is my client's court; it is my court; it is the peoples court, and not yours. It is unnecessary to add that the Judge seeing the correctness of the remark, bowed with about courtesy to the rebuke, and the cause proceeded.—*N. Y. Courier.*

HUNTING IN INDIA.—With respect to lions and tigers, hunting them is (for the gentlemen observe) one of the most fashionable amusements in the world; provided that you ride, not a horse, but an elephant. Every hunter is perched like a witness before an English Court of Justice, on a high box attached to the animal's back. He has a small pair of artillery with him, that is to say, a couple of muskets and a brace of pistols. It sometimes happens, but not often, that the tiger driven to bay leaps up on the head of the elephant, but that is no concern of ours, as the proper business of the mahaut (driver, or guide,) who is paid twenty-five francs a month for encountering these accidents. In case of his death, he has at least the consolation of complete vengeance; for the elephant does not simply trumpet with his trunk, when he dances on his tiger head-dress, he works at his assailant with all his might, and the hunter finishes him with a shot pointblank. The mahaut, you see is a kind of responsible editor. Another poor devil is behind, whose duty it is to hold a parasol over your head. His condition is still worse than that of the mahaut; when the frightened elephant flies before the tiger, who charges his rear and springs upon his back, the true duty of this man is to be eaten instead of the gentleman. India is the Utopia of social order for men of rank. In Europe the poor carry the rich on their shoulders, but in only metaphorically; here is done without any rhetorical figure. In place of the subtle distinctions of European policy between producers and consumers, the governors and the governed, &c., here the distinction is between the carriers and the carried:—it has, at all events, the merit of being more clear.—*Jacquemont's Correspondence during his Travels in India.*

## FEMALE BEAUTY AND ORNAMENTS.

*From "Curiosities of Literature."*

BY D'ISRAELI.

The ladies in Japan gild their teeth, and those of the Ind an paint them red. The pearl of teeth must be died black to be beautiful in Guzerat. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of the she goats; and to render them thus, their youth is passed in tortures. In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown, and if there was any competition between two princes, the people generally went by this criterion of majesty. In some countries, the mothers break the noses of their children; and in others press the head between two boards, that it may become square. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair. The Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. The female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not silks, nor wreaths of flowers, but warm guts and reeking tripe, to dress herself with:—enviable ornaments!

In China, small round eyes are liked, and the girls are continually plucking their eye-brows; that they may be thin and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eye-brows. It is too visible by day, but looks shining by night. They tinge their nails with a rose-color. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. The Emperor of Monomotapa would not change his amiable negress for the most brilliant European beauty.

An ornament for the nose appears to us perfectly unnecessary. The Peruvians, however, think otherwise; and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is proportioned by the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations.—Through the perforation are hung various materials, such as green crystal, gold, stones, a single and sometimes a great number of gold rings. This is rather troublesome to them in blowing their noses; and the fact is, some have informed us, that the Indian ladies never perform this very useful operation.

The female head dress is carried in some countries to singular extravagance. The Chinese fair, carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. This bird is composed of copper, or of gold, according to the quality of the person. The wings spread out, fall over the front of the head dress, and conceal the temples. The tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the nose; the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may the more freely play, and tremble at the slightest motion.

The extravagance of the Myantses is far more ridiculous than the above. They carry on their heads a slight board, rather longer than a foot, and about six inches broad; with this they cover their hair, and seal it with wax. They cannot lie, nor lean, without keeping the neck straight; and the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dress entangled in the trees. Whenever they comb their hair, they pass an hour by the fire in melting the wax; but this combing is only performed once or twice a year.

The inhabitants of the land of Natal wear caps, or bonnets, from six to ten inches high, composed of the fat of oxen. They then gradually anoint the head with a *pure* grease, which, mixing with the hair, fastens these bonnets for their lives.

### TO THE LADY OPPOSITE.

I wish the girl would move away—
Why need she all the while
Sit beaming at her window seat
With that eternal smile?
'Tis very strange and very odd,
And very like a plan,
With such a look and such an air,
And In single man!

There sat she like a seraph chained
In morning's earliest flame,
And there she leaned upon her hand
When crimson sunset came.
And there she was at twilight hour—
I saw the shutters close.
How slowly as with vain regret
They folded up my rose!

I know her mother thinks it wrong—
I know mamma is right—
I know a matron and a maid
Declare she is a fright—
I know what many folks would think—
I know what some will say—
I know all this, and yet, ah! yet
I cannot keep away.

And I will sit, mysterious maid,
And watch by morning sun;
And loudly gaze through mist and shade
When the fair day is done,
And love the lips—the rosy lips
That ne'er to me have spoken,
And wear the chains that silence wove,
And words have never broken.

SINCLAIR AND ABBOT.—It was some years ago the fashion to attribute bulls to Sinclair, in consequence of his having once made a singular perversion of the text in Rob Roy. The language is "Rashleigh is my cousin; but for what reason I am unable to divine, he is my bitterest enemy." Sinclair said, "Rashleigh is my cousin, but for what reason I am unable to divine." The joke he endured on this account made him nervous and uncertain, and in Guy Mannering, when Dinmont says he sees "two lightdancing bonly yon," instead of replying "Two! I see but one, and that seems pretty steady," he said, "Two! I see but a couple, and they are pretty steady." On the first night of the Hunchback, Abbot, from over-anxiety, said, in the last scene, "I'll marry no *Mon* but my cousin Ellen." His brethren joked and warned him against repeating it, and hardly a night passed that he did not consequently incur the danger of saying the same thing.

A YANKEE WINTER PIECE.—Mr. Jenks, a member of the General Court of Massachusetts, and editor of the Nantucket Inquirer, "a fellow of a right merrie wit," addresses to his editorial chair, an account of his perilous adventures by sea, ice and land, on going to take his seat at Boston. Among them is the following incident—time night—thermometer probably not far from zero—ground covered with snow.

On reaching the stage house at Falmouth, there was some ado in arousing its proprietor. When the work at length was accomplished, a scene ensued which so vividly reminded us of the distresses of Mordien, that we incontinently resolved to make record thereof. Poor Gifford came down stairs clad only in a neither garment and stockings, with an old tartan enveloping his head and shoulders, and a tarnished rushlight in his left hand, with his right he unclosed the outer door to the extent of six inches, and poking his grotesque phiz through the aperture asthmatically exclaimed,

"What in Satan's name d'ye want at this time o' night?"

Nothing, my dear sir, in that name, save a little of his caloric.

"O—I don't sell alcohol—I don't keep tavern—I an't got no license, and there an't a public house in all Falmouth."

But we want to come in from the cold—we have just crossed the Atlantic ocean, landed five miles off, trudged hither over the snow, and wish passage in the stage coach for Boston.

"Well—there's the stage," (pointing to a large open sleigh—and pushing the door three inches closer.)

But where are the horses?

"In the barn."

And the driver?

"He's asleep."

Well, rouse him up.

"I can't—I am fat."

But it's past three o'clock, and he starts at four.

"I tell ye, I don't keep tavern—and I don't thank you for making such a racket here in the night."

Friend Gifford, we ca—excuse your warmth on this occasion—we are aware you have recently, though at a very late hour, taken a buxom wife—go up stairs, give her our compliments, and say how much we admire her taste; meantime let us come alongside of your kitchen fire place. Don't you know me?

A whisper served as a sudden charm. The door flew open.

"Why law bless ye, is that you? Do tell I want to know! Why—why—I beg ten thousand pardons. Do come in—why who'd a thought it—that ever I—why, come in—pray now you must excuse it—why, I've given you a devil of a blowing up, ain't I? Come, I'll have a fire directly."

So saying he flew aloft for the remainder of his dress, re-appeared in a twinkling, and gave us half an hour of comfort at the fireside, garnished with showers of apologies and jokes.

MATERNAL ATTACHMENT.—A celebrated preacher, named Bacon, who resided at Hasmark, in Hungary, had occasion to go to the village of Emperes, distant about twenty English miles from his own place of abode. He travelled on foot, and took with him a small servi er em, then in the last week of her pregnancy. After having been detained several days at Emperes by floods, he was compelled to return home without his dog, which in the mean time had brought forth a litter of five puppies.—He had not been in the house an hour, when, to his surprise, the cat came in bearing a puppy in her mouth, which she carefully placed upon the mat where she ordinarily lay, and immediately rushed out of the house again on the road to Emperes. In the space of twenty-four hours, she went and returned four times more, on each occasion bringing home a puppy in her mouth. It is hardly necessary to state that the puppies were quite dead as the mother brought them into the house. As the poor creature laid the last puppy upon the mat, she could scarcely stand for weariness; whined and trembled, looking upon her dead puppies, and after walking once or twice round the mat, she laid herself down beside them and died in a few minutes. In 24 hours the animal had ran about 180 miles.

SEEING IN THE DARK.—It is recorded of the Emperor Tiberius, that he could see in the dark; and M. Le Cat informs us that there was at Parma a young woman who could see at midnight as well as at noon.—Persons shut up in dark prisons soon learn to distinguish the minutest objects, the absence of the stimulus of light causing an expansion of the pupil of the eye. In the Journal des Sçavans for 1677, we find the case of a musician who had one of his eyes struck by a lute string rebounding, when it broke from being screwed too tensely. The eye inflamed, and the patient found to his astonishment, that with his disorder he had acquired the power of seeing in the dark, so as to be able to read. He could only see in the dark with the inflamed eye, that not with the other.

## NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.

ITALY—BY T. S. FAY.

My glances at Italian character must be received with allowances, as mere casual impressions which might be changed by longer residence, or more extensive experience. I have said that the people appear to me dishonest. I have certainly never before been cast among such voracious bargain makers, such greedy beggars and unconceivable cheats. The unlucky traveller is the full concentration of their combined efforts.—Regarding him as a kind of legal prey, they flock down upon him with the avidity of vultures, although with the assumed gentleness of doves. The renown of Italy annually swarms her towns and roads with strangers, who call forth all the cup day and meanness of a people naturally cunning and ingenious, and driven by poverty and oppression to a miserable state of life and morals, without knowledge to regulate them. They are full of germs of talent and kindness, and when enlightened and good, are amiable, generous and delightful people. But these characters are exceptions, and the mass disgust you with bread indolence, and cheat you in every trifle and at every step; and not unfortunately offer examples of wickedness and audacious profligacy, the thus gut of which makes the blood boil to the veins, and yet for which they tell us there is no redress. Out of 1' ocanny the murderer, the seducer, and the assassin, walk fearless of law, which concentrates its silent energies against liberal thinkers, as-pected patriots, incautious strangers, and plotters against government. Priests and soldiers are like the nightmare on the land, and all the wise and virtuous among the Italians mourn over the dreadful debasement of their country. I have seen tears in the eyes of a silver-headed man, and that man a priest, while acknowledging the wretchedness of "poor Italy." The authorities not only often repress virtues, but encourage vices. Knowledge, thought and industry are locked in certain chambers; all the excesses of extravagance flow from the duke downward, and their ever-recurring holidays sink them yet deeper in poverty, leanness, sloth, and their consequent evils; thus investing idleness with the propriety of law and the society of religion. There is no press, and the grossest impositions are believed by most and unquestioned by all. Credulity upon the subject of annual miracles is itself almost a miracle; and it we may credit the reverend narrators of these wonders to the gaping multitude, the saints toil more laboriously than the men. No profit is too unimportant for the people to extort, and no invention too mean and complicated for them to contrive, with the hope of gain from the devoted foreigners (stranger.) He must distrust them in all they say, in all they do, in all they give. They cheat in the price, in the change, in the quantity, in the quality; he will pay twice or five times as much for an article as they dare charge one of their own countrymen, and yet I never met more civility. It is common to remark what a system and science cheating has become in Italy, and how from its universality it has almost lost its odium.

"Sir," said a French gentleman the other day to a shopkeeper, "you made me pay four pistareens for this article, and you gave it to that person for two."

"And if I choose to give it to him for *nothing*," was the reply, "what business is it of yours?"

At the theatre a friend of mine applied for a season ticket. The box-keeper informed him the usual price, but added, "you are a stranger and you must pay more."

I heard a pretty and agreeable Italian woman soundly rate the master of an inn for an extortionate bill.

"You must be crazy," she said; "I know the price of things here as well as yourself, I am no stranger."

Their voracity for money has no limit, either way: they grasp with equal energy for the smallest and largest sum.

"Ah," said a man who had detained a quattrino, (the fifth of a cent,) from the change of a customer, who left it rather than wait, "Ah, there goes a fool. He despises the quattrino. Blockhead! He does not reflect that the quattrino is the monarch of coins. Take it from a million, it will be a million no longer." An Italian version of one of Poor Richard's maxims, to which the oppressed dwellers beneath this beautiful sky are forced to give a rather liberal construction.

The spirit of fraud pervades of all the minute details of life, and extends to classes of society where the unsuspecting stranger never dreams of its existence. It rises from the porters, shopkeepers and vetturini, to the servants of houses and masters of hotels, and runs through the various forms of extortion, incorrect information, pilfering, and not unfrequently takes a yet more bold and alarming route, carrying distrust into the bosom of families, and reaching even the highest arrangements and dearest ties hosts of life.

## RURAL ECONOMIST.

*Relative Expenses of Animal Labor as performed by Horses or Oxen.*

Animal labor is one of the most important items in the expenses of the farm, whether performed by horses or oxen; but as it will readily be admitted, there is a difference in the amount, as performed by the one or the other, and that difference I conceive to be altogether in favor of the latter.

The horse is universally conceded to be one of the most expensive animals kept on a farm. In order that he may be kept in condition for work, it is necessary that he should have a great deal and the best of food, together with a warm stable, and hourly and almost constant attendance; while the ox requires as little and as plain food as any other animal of his size, and less attendance. The horse is more liable to disease and casualty than any other animal—the ox less. It is a very common thing for the farmer to lose a horse, but a very rare one to lose an ox. Likewise the horse, when arrived at maturity, or an age which fits him for a farmer's team, begins soon to depreciate in value, and at length worth little or nothing more than his hide,—while the ox at any age, if fat, is worth, to the butcher more than he ever cost, in his prime, for the team.

The only objection urged against oxen is their slowness. But in most of the ordinary business of the farm, this can scarcely be an objection. In drawing into the barn hay and grain in the time of harvest—drawing manure from the yard on to the farm—drawing wood to the door—ploughing and clearing out ditches for draining land—drawing rails for the repair of fences, &c. &c., oxen are conceded by all to be the safest and best team. And even before the plough, the difference in the speed of the horse and the ox is not sufficient to make good the difference in the expense of keeping and attendance. A man with a pair of oxen may put in twenty or twenty-five acres of wheat in one season, while with a pair of horses he can but little exceed thirty acres.

I shall here add a comparative view of the expense of keeping a pair of horses and a pair of oxen for eight years. I shall suppose them both five years old, the first pair of oxen to be fattened and sold when nine years old, and their place supplied by another pair, five years old; and suppose them to be kept four years and then fattened and sold, to gether with the horses, which will then be thirteen yea rs old.

| | |
|---|---|
| A yoke of oxen 5 years old will cost | $80 00 |
| Interest 4 years | 32 40 |
| Keep for 4 years | 160 00 |
| | $272 40 |
| Deduct oxen sold, (supposed fat) | 100 00 |
| | $172 40 |
| Another yoke 5 years old cost | 80 00 |
| Interest 4 years | 32 00 |
| Keep for 4 years | 160 00 |
| | $424 80 |
| Deduct for oxen sold | 100 00 |
| | $324 80 |
| A pair of horses 5 years old cost | $160 00 |
| Interest 8 years | 89 60 |
| Harness for 8 years | 50 00 |
| Shoeing for 8 years | 50 00 |
| Keep and attendance 8 years | 575 20 |
| | $924 80 |
| Deduct horses sold, (13 years old) | 100 00 |
| Total cost of 8 years work by horses | $824 80 |
| Total cost of 8 years work by oxen | 324 80 |
| Difference in favor of oxen | $500 00 |

If the above estimate is correct, (and if it is not, I believe that a nearer approximation to the truth will be found to increase the balance in favor of the ox,) it will be seen that two pair of oxen may be kept with less expense than one pair of horses.—*Gen. Far.*

*Making Pork.*—We have long known that apples would fatten hogs, but until we received the following communication, it had never entered our mind, that *apple pomace* could be successfully employed for this purpose. The statement of our correspondent would have been more satisfactory, if the weight and value of the hogs in the spring, or previous to their having been put up to fatten, had been stated. The case is little doubt, however, that the apple pomace contributed essentially to augment the quantity of pork, and the more so in consequence of the cooking process, and so far as it did so, was manifestly a clear gain.—*Cult.*

"While addressing you, permit me to give you an account of my experiment on hogs this season. On the 15th October last, I shut up to fatten eleven hogs, about fifteen mon hs old, and six shoats which were pigged the 15th May last, having given to the whole nothing during the summer but the wash from the dairy, with a small orchard of about an acre and a half of ground, where they ate the premature apples that fell. I proceeded to fatten them by steaming six bushels of small refuse potatoes with fourteen bushels of apple pomace, and one hundred weight of buckwheat meal [bran,] the whole incorporated together while hot from the steamer with a wooden pounder, adding to the mixture the dairy wash, and supplying them with a plenty of charcoal and pure water. They were divided into three lots, and closely confined. I continued to give them this mixture until nine days before they were killed, during which latter period they were fed with corn. They were slaughtered on the first of December. The expense of fattening, and the product of pork, pigs, &c. are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| 30 bushels of small potatoes, at 2s 6d | $9 37½ |
| 8 cwt. buckwheat meal, | 8 00 |
| 21½ bushels corn given the last nine days, | 14 43 |
| Apple pomace, say | 00 00 |
| Total expense of food, | $30 80½ |
| Cr. By 36 cwt. 50 lbs. pork, at $5, | $182 50 |
| 50 roasting pigs sold during summer, | 50 00 |
| 8 shoats sold alive, | 12 00 |
| 4 do. on hand, worth | 6 00 |
| | 250 50 |
| Deduct expense, | 30 80 |
| Balance, | $219 70 |

*Durable Whitewash.*—I am enabled to certify the efficacy of marine salt in fixing whitewash made of lime. In the year 1795 when I was director of the naval artillery at the port of Toulon, I was commissioned to ascertain the utility of a method proposed by the master painter of that port, M. Magnilan, for whitewashing the ships between deck, and likewise their holds, to a durable manner, by means of lime. Our report was in favor of this process, which consists in saturating water in which the lime is slacked with muriate of soda, (common salt.) The whitewash produced by it is very permanent, does not crack, nor come off upon one's hands or clothes. The experiment was made only on wood. It appears from M. St. Bernarde's account, that it succeeded equally well on walls.—*Annales des Arts et Manufactures.*


## Farm for Sale.

WILL be sold at Public Vendue, on the 9th of 5th month next, between 12 and 3 o'clock, P. M. on the premises, the Plantation whereon Reuben Nowers now lives, in the township of Mansfield, county of Burlington, New Jersey, called Pair View Farm, containing 240 acres, about 160 of which is fine, 80 meadow, and the remainder meadow land. It is divided into lots of about 20 acres each, inclosed with good chestnut and cedar fences—a stream of water runs thro' the meadow, and four of the former fields have good springs of water on them, together with a never failing spring of water, a well of good water at the door, a barn and hay house, with stabling and stalls for cattle and sheep. A public road runs through said farm, from Bordentown to Crosswicks, about 3 miles from the former and from the latter—here, at each of which places there is a plate of depasture on the Camden and Amboy, and Delaware and Atlantic Rail-roads—about three miles from a grist mill, 1 from a saw mill, and—matters of every description in the neighborhood. The facilities for getting lime, marle, or manure, will render the improvement for improvement. For further information, please call on the subscriber, or Abraham Z. Reeves, who resides on said farm. 12th Mo. mo. will be positive.

CALEB SHREVE, Jr.

nov 14—90

## Important to Ladies.

ROBERT SHIRLEY, 05 North Tenth-st. street, Silk and Woollen Dyer and Finisher, (from London,) begs leave to inform the ladies and gentlemen of this city and its vicinity, that he has recently come here and established himself in the dyeing and finishing of silk, satin, pongee and merino dresses, shawls, &c. &c., likewise crape, silk and fancy ribbons, &c. &c.

Blacking, dyeing, pressing and the fringe curled, pongee dresses dyed, permanent browns, royal purple, &c. Family mourning dyed at the shortest notice—all of which is done and got up in the first style by experienced workmen.

P. S.—It may not be generally known that the prices are much lower than at most other establishments in this city.

may 14—2m

## The Consumption

*Is Curable, with care and proper Remedies.*

DR. RAFINESQUE, Professor of Botanical Botany, &c., of Philadelphia, is practice extensively in the treatment of the Lungs, and is very successful in curing or relieving them in all the stages. He has cured many hundred cases (from Boston to New Orleans) within seven years past, by using remedies of various kinds, operating direct on the Lungs by inhalation, on the stomach and on the skin. His gentleness called Fair View Farm, containing 240 acres, about 160 of which is fine, 80 meadow, and the remainder meadow land. It is divided into lots of about 20 acres each, inclosed with good chestnut and cedar fences—a stream of water runs thro' the meadow, and four of the former fields have good springs of water on them, together with a never failing spring of water, a well of good water at the door, a barn and hay house, with stabling and stalls for cattle and sheep. A public road runs through said farm, from Bordentown to Crosswicks, about 3 miles from the former and from the latter—here, at each of which places there is a plate of depasture on the Camden and Amboy, and Delaware and Atlantic Rail-roads—about three miles from a grist mill, 1 from a saw mill, and—matters of every description in the neighborhood. The facilities for getting lime, marle, or manure, will render the improvement for improvement. For further information, please call on the subscriber, or Abraham Z. Reeves, who resides on said farm. 12th Mo. mo. will be positive.

CALEB SHREVE, Jr.

nov 14—90

## E. Benley,

*No. 31 South Second Street, Philadelphia,*

HAS received an extensive assortment of Spring and Summer Goods, consisting of

Women's and Misses' Leghorn Flats,
do. do. Straw Bonnets,
do. do. Tuscan do.
Tuscan Braid by the Piece,
Fine Lace, Trimmings, &c.
Oriental and Florence Plait,
Straw Braid and Straw Cord,
Straw Bands and Gimps,
Men's and Boys' Leghorn and Straw Hats.

ALSO,

Gauze Rib Ribbons,
do. Cap do.
Plain and Figured Satin Ribbons,
do. do. Moires, do.
Figured and Plain Bonnet Silks,
White and Coloured Florences,
do. do. Gros de Naples,
do. do. Satins,
White and Coloured Crapes,
Blond Quillings and Edgings,
Bonnet Wire, Covers for do., Purse Cord, Artificial Flowers,
Bonnet and Ribbon Wire, Clasp and Willow,
With every variety of Millinery and Trimmings, which will be sold wholesale only, in lots to suit customers.

N. B.—Milliners from the country will find it to call as above, where they will find every article in their line, and at moderate prices. Also, the newest fashions and patterns.

mar 14—8

## CARPENTER'S
### COMPOUND CERATE OF COPAIVA.

*A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Ulcerations and Sores of various kinds.*

IT has long been a desideratum to obtain a preparation of the above character for the use of families—a convenient application which can always be at hand when accidents occur, and which will afford immediate relief. C. W. Carpenter is pleased to announce to the public that the above preparations, as possessing all the qualities here described, and with such pleasure recommends it to the faculty and public, as a safe, pleasant and soothing application, for all ulcerations and sores of whatever kind.

It has been fully tested in private practice, and the result has been of the most satisfactory and beneficial character.

In burns, scalds, wounds, ulcerations and sores of various kinds, the above ointment will be found much to benefit, and it is confidently recommended to the public, as an article upon which virtues they can confidently rely. Mild, soothing and gentle in its effect, it is particularly applicable to horses, it stays the inflammation, heals the parts, in a short time, and quickly induces the healthy process.

Every family in the city and country should supply themselves with the preparation: it is superior to most in the ointment world, and is extended upon the public, and may be advantageously employed in all cases, where a mild and animal lotion application is required.

It is neatly put up in boxes and jars, at 50 and 25 cents each. Prepared and sold only by

GEORGE W. CARPENTER'S
Chemical Warehouse,
No. 201 Market street, Philadelphia.

As there may be attempts of imitation, the proprietor will affix his signature as a guarantee of its genuineness.

jan 20, 1834—eotf

## Cheap Books and Stationery.

THE following valuable Books are published, and constantly for sale by the subscriber, viz:—Ainsworth's English and Latin Dictionary, Pinnock's Goldsmith's Greece, Jack Halyard of the Virginia Family, by W. Compton, Family Expositor, Analytical Spelling Book; Hugh's Exposition, do. Universal Class Book, Wood's Life of Franklin, do. of William Penn; Hayward's Inductive Geometry; Colburn's Arithmetic, do. Gough's Randolph's Practical Teacher; Ingersoll's Conversations on English Grammar; Brown's Inductive Grammar, Willet and Smith's Natural Philosophy, 1 vol. 8vo. Rev. John Newton's Works, 2 vols. 8vo., Barnes's Celebrated Arithmetic Parser; Day's Principles of the Government of the United States; Doddridge's Rise and Progress; Jay's Family Prayer's; Baxter's Call; Scenes in Europe—with a large assortment of the most approved School, Classical, Theological, Medical and Miscellaneous Books. Country Merchants, Teachers and others, supplied at the lowest net prices for cash or approved credit.

URIAH HUNT, 19 North Third street.

july 26, '34—pate

## Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

THIS truly valuable remedy has been before the public for seven years, and has proved itself the most valuable remedy discovered for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, or Phthisic, Consumption, Whooping Cough, and Pulmonary affections of every kind. Its sale is steadily increasing, and the proprietors are constantly receiving the most favorable accounts of its effects. The following certificates are offered for public examination:

CERTIFICATES.

In the winter of 1832 and 1833, I was seized with spitting of blood, which continued with occasional relief till spring. I consulted several eminent physicians, and took much medicine, but the relief obtained was only transient. In the spring I commenced taking the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. At this time I was much reduced in flesh, and very low spirited. Before I had taken one bottle of the Balsam, I raised about half a pint of blood, was oppressed with great hoarseness and a bad cough. I commenced taking the Balsam, thinking it this failed, I should resort to some other remedy; but it did not disappoint my expectations. All the unfavorable symptoms were removed by inhaled, the cough ceased, and I have not been troubled with spitting of blood since. I am now able to resume my trade, (that of a cooper-maker,) which I had given up without any expectation of returning to it. WM. GODFREY.

Roxbury, Mass. Aug. 28, 1833.

I am satisfied that the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is a valuable medicine. It has been used in this place with complete success in the immediate complaint of the lungs, attended with a severe cough, loss of voice, and the raising of blood, which had previously resisted many approved prescriptions. After using the Balsam one week, the patient's voice returned, and he was enabled to speak audibly. The cough ceased some time since, and the man is now engaged not only in active, but in laborious business. Respectfully yours, &c.

SAMUEL MORRILL, M. D.

Concord, N. H Jan. 30, 1834.

In October, 1833, I was attacked with a cough, accompanied with a severe pain in the side and difficulty of breathing. I consulted several physicians, but without effect. In January, 1834, I was attended by a skilful physician, and subsequently received the advice of several others, but the disease steadily increased; the cough was incessant, attended with a bloody and offensive expectoration; my flesh was wasted, my limbs swelled, and my strength rapidly reduced. I was told by my physician that medicine could be of no further service to me, and it was not expected by any of my friends that I could survive a month. In this situation my daughter procured a bottle of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, (which she had heard highly recommended for similar complaints,) and prevailed on me to make trial of it. Its use was attended with the most unexpected and happy result. It gave me immediate relief, and was the happy effort of a cure. I have since been free from pain in my side and cough, except in the case of common colds.

Boston, March 1, 1833. SAMUEL EVERETT.

☞ Purchasers should inquire for the genuine Vegetable Balsam, and in a blue wrapper, on which is a yellow label signed SAMPSON REED. "Those other can be genuine. The great celebrity of the genuine Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, has given rise to a spurious article, called Sampson's Balsam, which by partially assuming the name of the genuine, are calculated to mislead and deceive the public. Among these spurious mixtures, are the 'American Pulmonary Balsam,' 'Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam,' 'Sampson's Balsam.' Purchasers should inquire for its true article by its whole name, and see that it has the marks and signatures of the genuine.

For sale by J. Thompson, southwest corner of Market and Second street; Edmund Wright, corner of Second and Pine streets; F. Brown, corner of 5th and Chestnut streets; R. W. Pickwick, South Second street, opposite German; Reese & Smith, corner of Ninth and Market; Samuel F. Griffith, 36 South Eighth street.

oct 18—mw ly

## THE CELEBRATED
## Depurating Syrup.

THIS valuable Syrup, which now stands unrivalled as a remedy in regard to

Scrofula or King's Evil,
Syphilis,
Mercurial and Hydrilod Affections,
White Swellings,
Diseases of the Bones,

Diseases of the Skin,
Erysipelas, or St. Anthony's Fire,
Obstinate Ulcerations,
Diseases of the Liver,
Chronic Rheumatisms, &c.

And all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, is confidently recommended to great harmonizing under any of the above complaints, as the following certificates will testify.

The truly extraordinary curative properties of this preparation, which are now universally acknowledged, renders comparable unnecessary; yet the proprietors can fully satisfy themselves, in reference to the numerous and highly respectable testimonials of its efficacy, now in the possession of the proprietor. The proprietor wishes to remark, that he is aware of no instance in which the Depurating Syrup has failed to cure, where the directions for its use have been properly attended to.

The Depurating Syrup is put up in pint bottles, having a label covering the cork, on which is the signature of the subscriber, without which none is genuine. Directions for its use accompany each bottle.

W. H. CLARIDGE.

Price $1. For sale, wholesale and retail, at the drug store of the proprietor, corner of Green and Hanover streets, Baltimore, and by the following Agents who have been appointed for the sale of the above medicine:—In N. GEORGE (Principal Agent) and Co. 2nd door from the corner of Second and Callow hill sts. Geo. Meiler, northeast corner of Fourth and Walnut streets. T. McCormick, No. 216 Arch street; J. Pickett, No. 231 South Second street, opposite Keenan; John Urquhart, southeast corner of Tenth and Chestnut streets. R. Jordan & Co., southeast corner of Third and Arch streets, and N. W. corner of Third and Walnut streets. Dr. J. Kimball, N. E. corner of South and Fourth streets; and Mr. Bell, grocer, 18 Ranges opposite Bowne street.

may 7—eowly

## Wholesale and Retail Bedding WARE-HOUSE,

corner of 4th and Vine Sts